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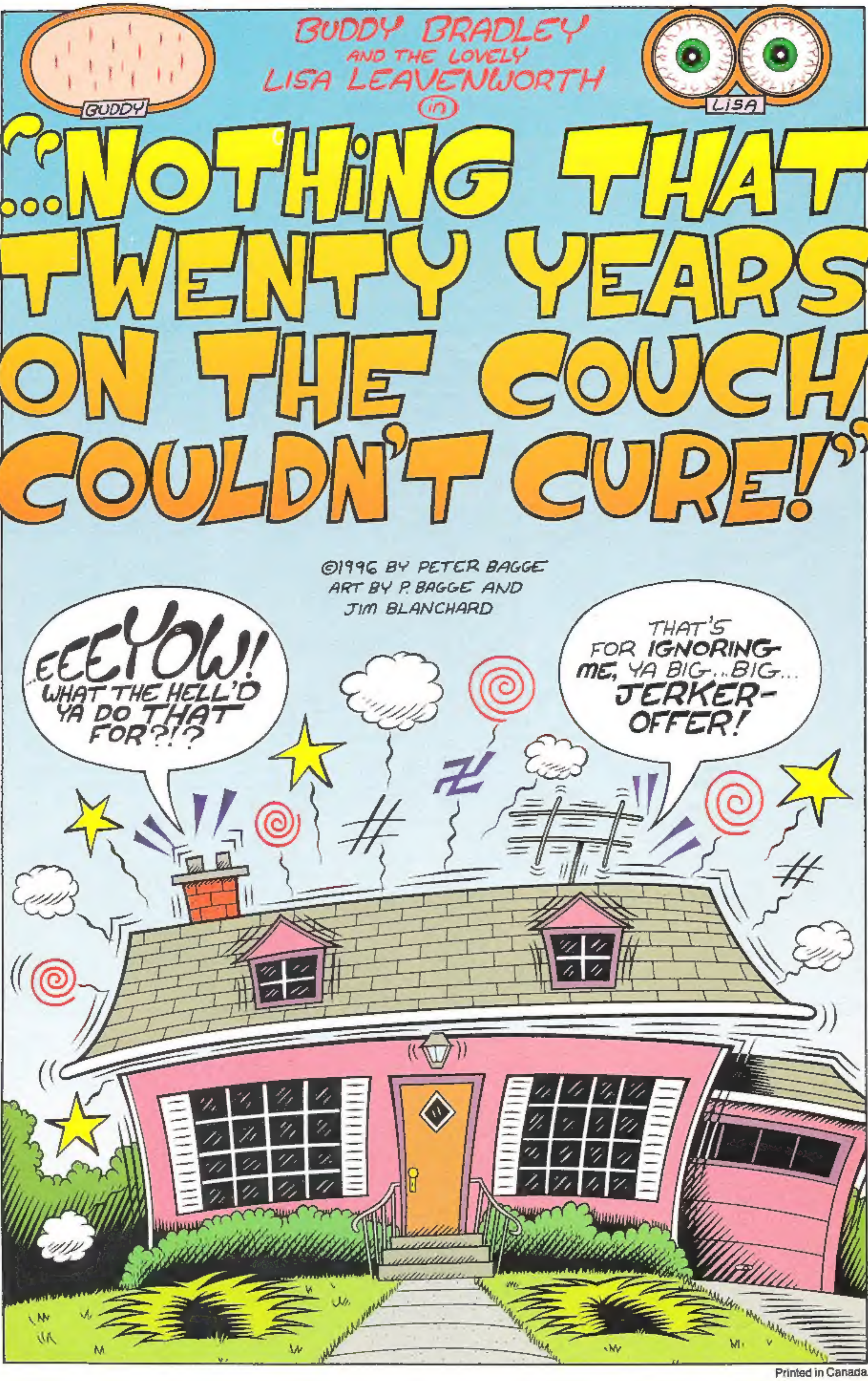

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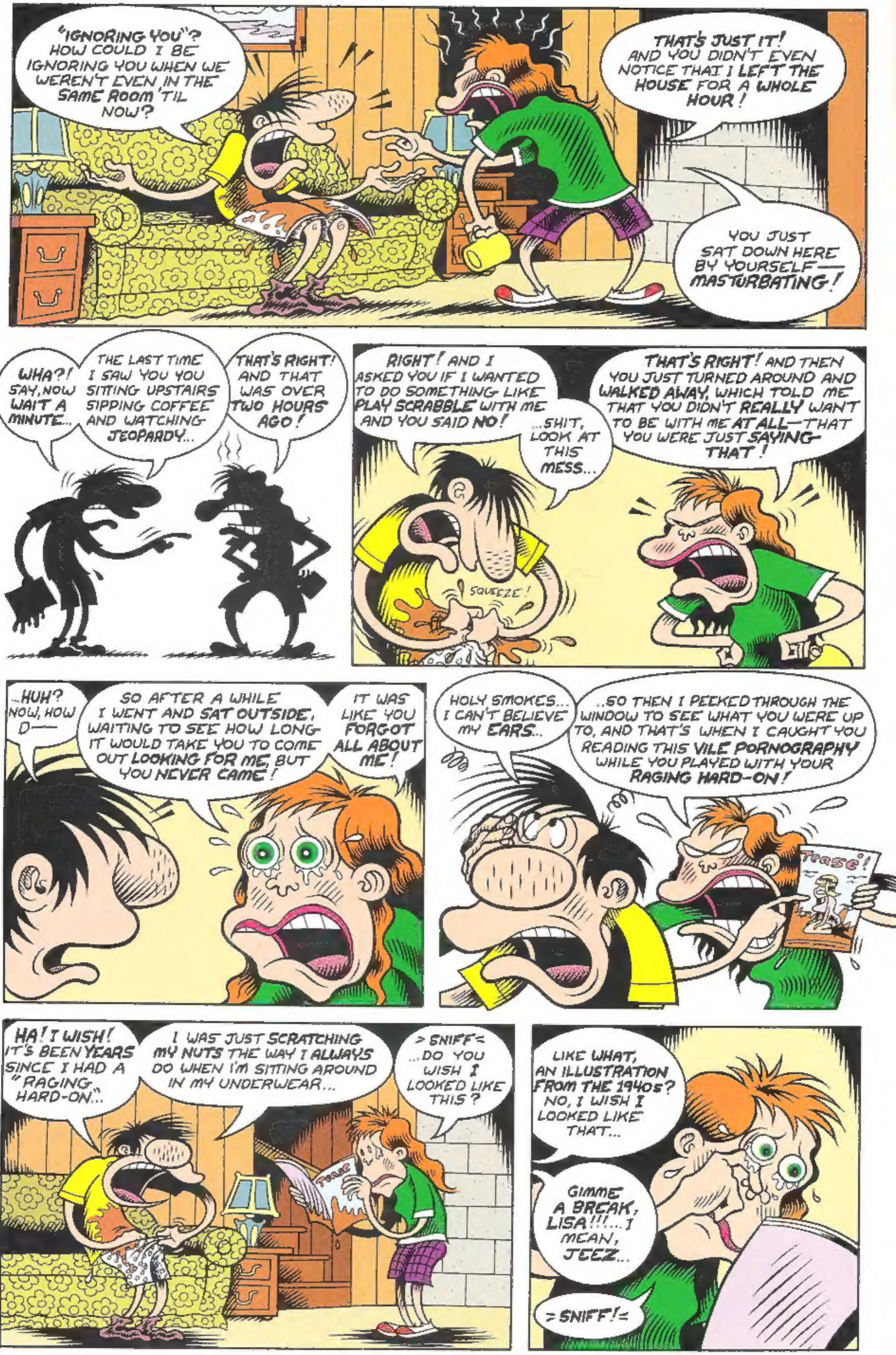
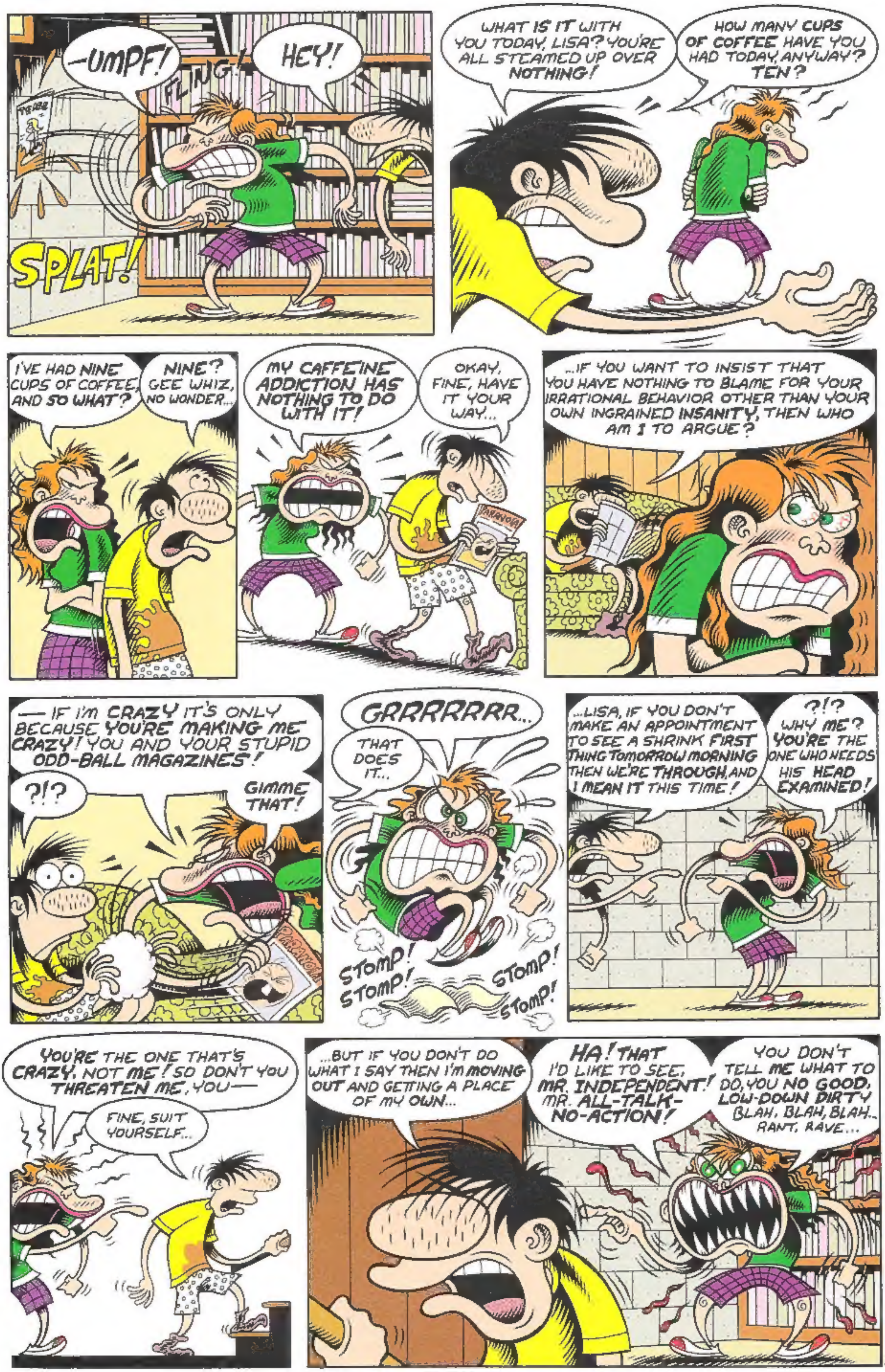
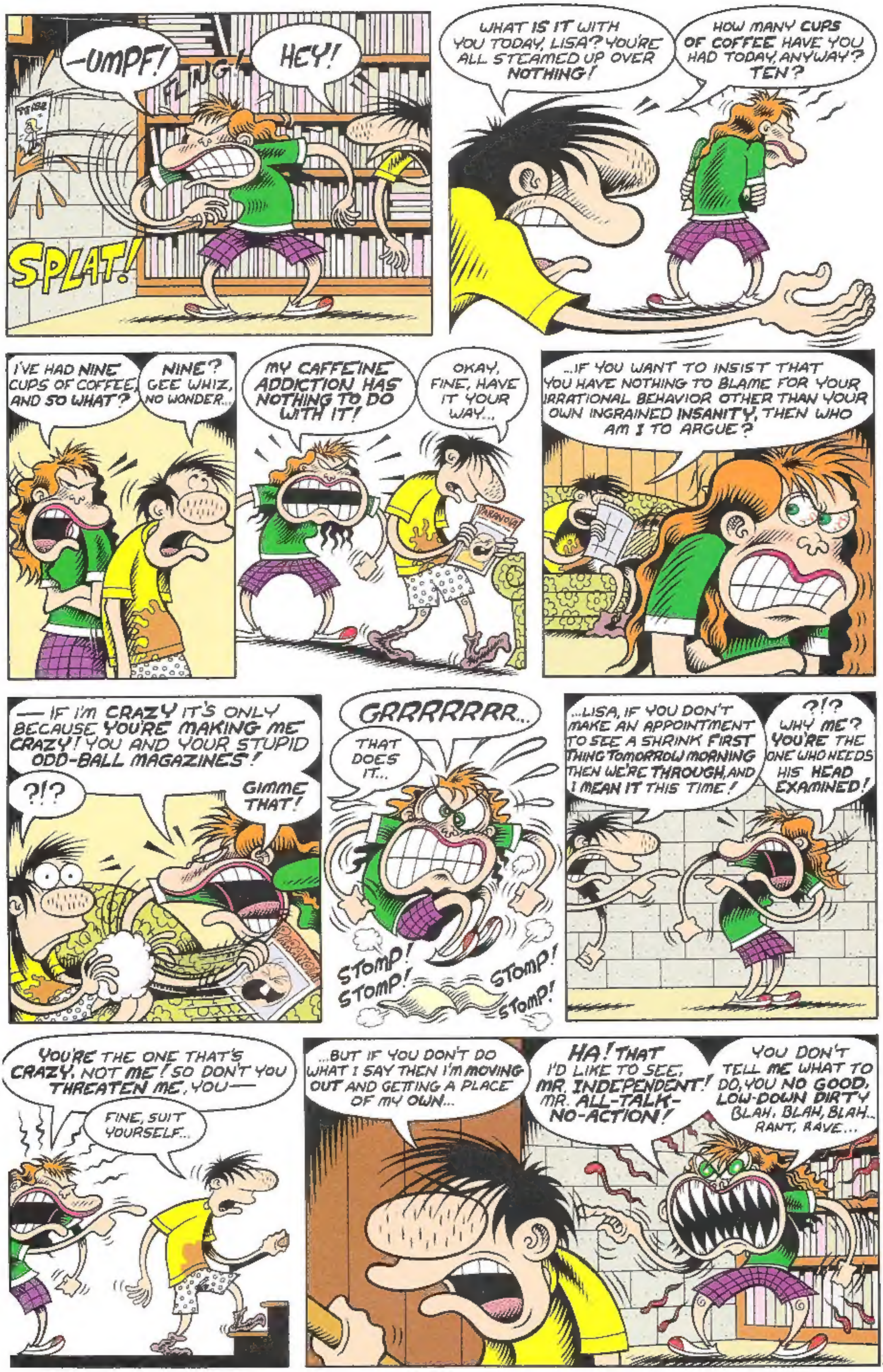

"IGNORING YOU"? HOW COULD I BE IGNORING YOU WHEN WE WEREN'T EVEN IN THE SAME ROOM 'TIL NOW?
THAT'S JUST IT! AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT I LEFT THE HOUSE FOR A WHOLE HOUR!
YOU JUST SAT DOWN HERE BY YOURSELF— MASTURBATING!
WHA?! SAY, NOW WAIT A MINUTE...
THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU YOU SITTING UPSTAIRS SIPPING COFFEE AND WATCHING JEOPARDY...
THAT'S RIGHT! AND THAT WAS OVER TWO HOURS AGO!
RIGHT! AND I ASKED YOU IF I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING LIKE PLAY SCRABBLE WITH ME AND YOU SAID NO!
...SHIT, LOOK AT THIS MESS...
SQUEEZE!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND THEN YOU JUST TURNED AROUND AND WALKED AWAY, WHICH TOLD ME THAT YOU DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO BE WITH ME AT ALL—THAT YOU WERE JUST SAYING THAT!
...HUH? NOW, HOW D—
SO AFTER A WHILE I WENT AND SAT OUTSIDE, WAITING TO SEE HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE YOU TO COME OUT LOOKING FOR ME, BUT YOU NEVER CAME!
IT WAS LIKE YOU FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME!
HOLY SMOKES... I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS...
...SO THEN I PEEKED THROUGH THE WINDOW TO SEE WHAT YOU WERE UP TO, AND THAT'S WHEN I CAUGHT YOU READING THIS VILE PORNOGRAPHY WHILE YOU PLAYED WITH YOUR RAGING HARD-ON!
Tease!
HA! I WISH! IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I HAD A "RAGING HARD-ON"...
I WAS JUST SCRATCHING MY NUTS THE WAY I ALWAYS DO WHEN I'M SITTING AROUND IN MY UNDERWEAR...
>SNIFF< ...DO YOU WISH I LOOKED LIKE THIS?
LIKE WHAT, AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE 1940s? NO, I WISH I LOOKED LIKE THAT...
GIMME A BREAK, LISA!!!... I MEAN, JEEZ...
>SNIFF!<


-UMPF!
FLING!
HEY!
SPLAT!
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU TODAY, LISA? YOU'RE ALL STEAMED UP OVER NOTHING!
HOW MANY CUPS OF COFFEE HAVE YOU HAD TODAY, ANYWAY? TEN?
I'VE HAD NINE CUPS OF COFFEE, AND SO WHAT?
NINE? GEE WHIZ, NO WONDER...
MY CAFFEINE ADDICTION HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
OKAY, FINE, HAVE IT YOUR WAY...
...IF YOU WANT TO INSIST THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BLAME FOR YOUR IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR OTHER THAN YOUR OWN INGRAINED INSANITY, THEN WHO AM I TO ARGUE?
— IF I'M CRAZY IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE MAKING ME CRAZY! YOU AND YOUR STUPID ODD-BALL MAGAZINES!
?!?
GIMME THAT!
GRRRRRRR...
THAT DOES IT...
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!
...LISA, IF YOU DON'T MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE A SHRINK FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING THEN WE'RE THROUGH, AND I MEAN IT THIS TIME!
?!? WHY ME? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO NEEDS HIS HEAD EXAMINED!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S CRAZY, NOT ME! SO DON'T YOU THREATEN ME, YOU—
FINE, SUIT YOURSELF...
...BUT IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I SAY THEN I'M MOVING OUT AND GETTING A PLACE OF MY OWN...
HA! THAT I'D LIKE TO SEE, MR. INDEPENDENT! MR. ALL-TALK-NO-ACTION!
YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, YOU NO GOOD, LOW-DOWN DIRTY BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.. RANT, RAVE...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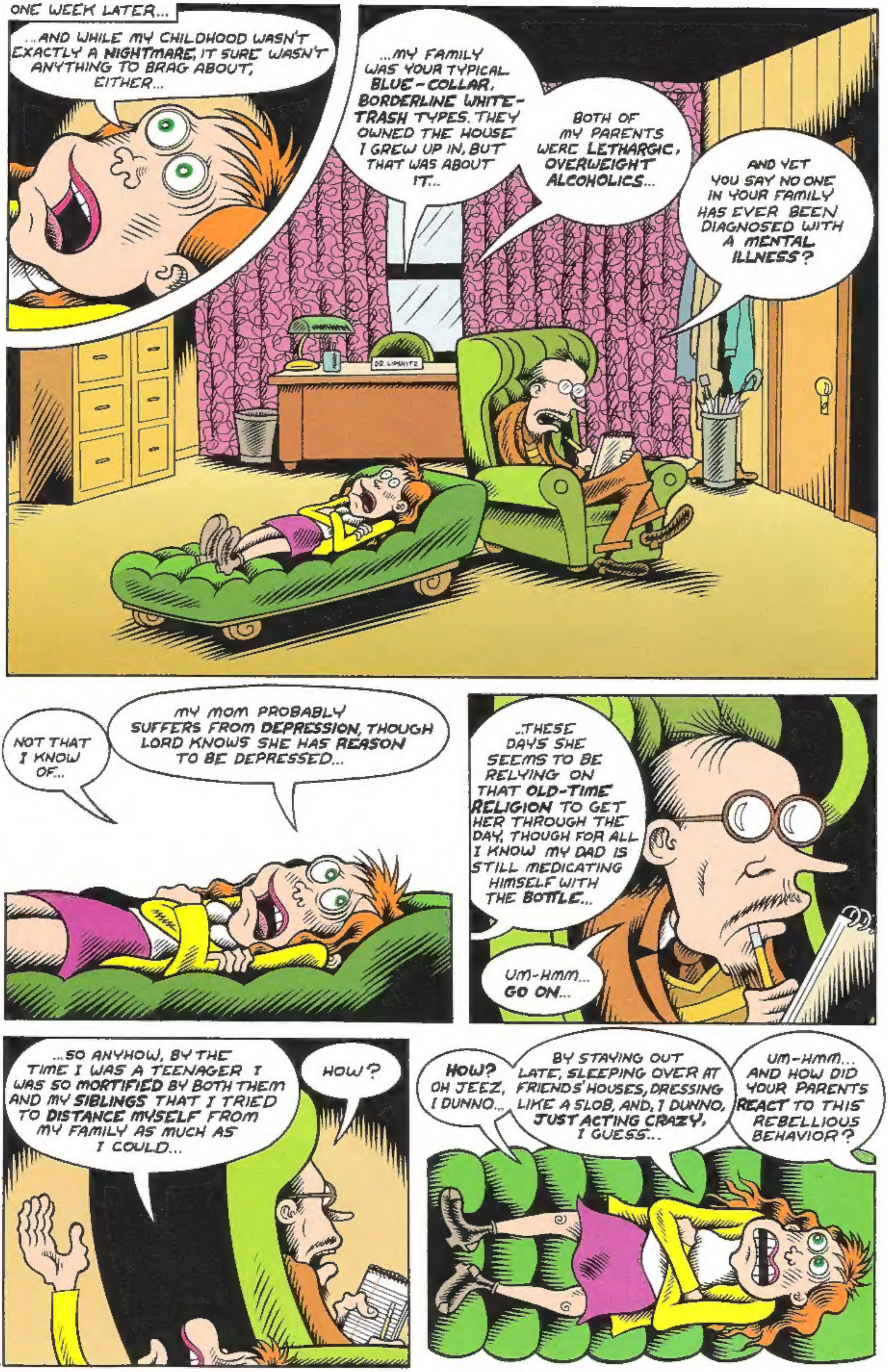
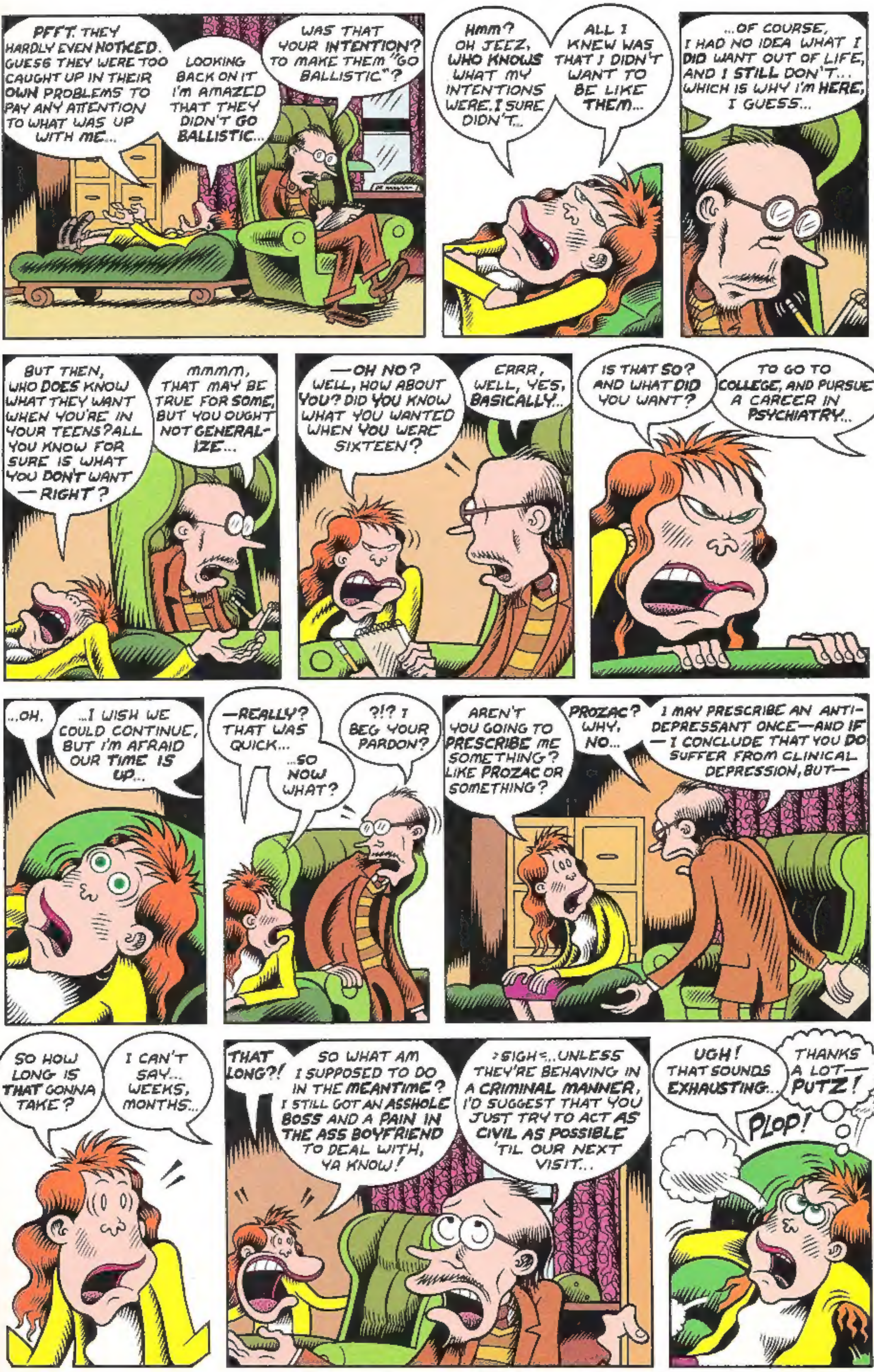
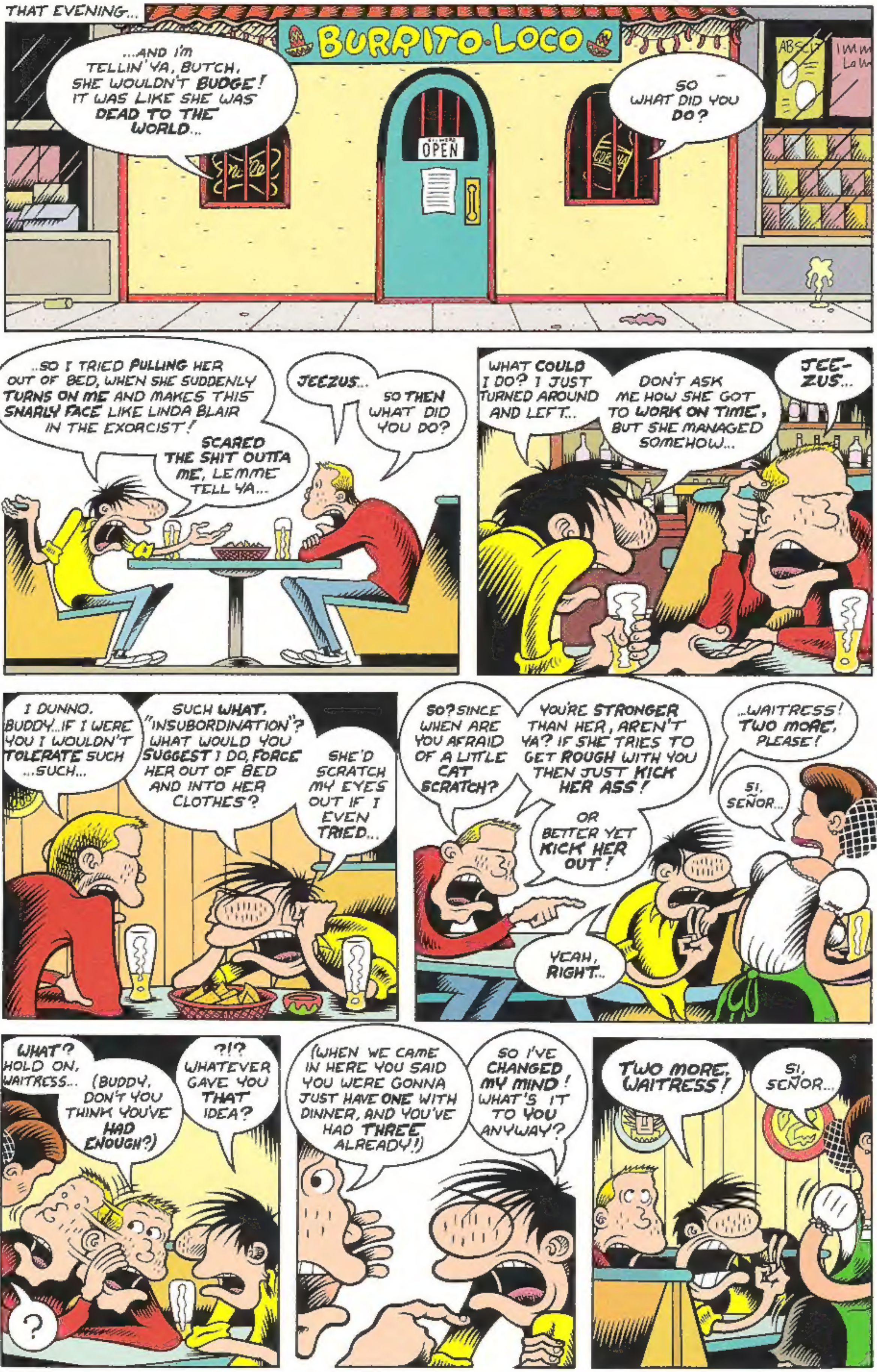
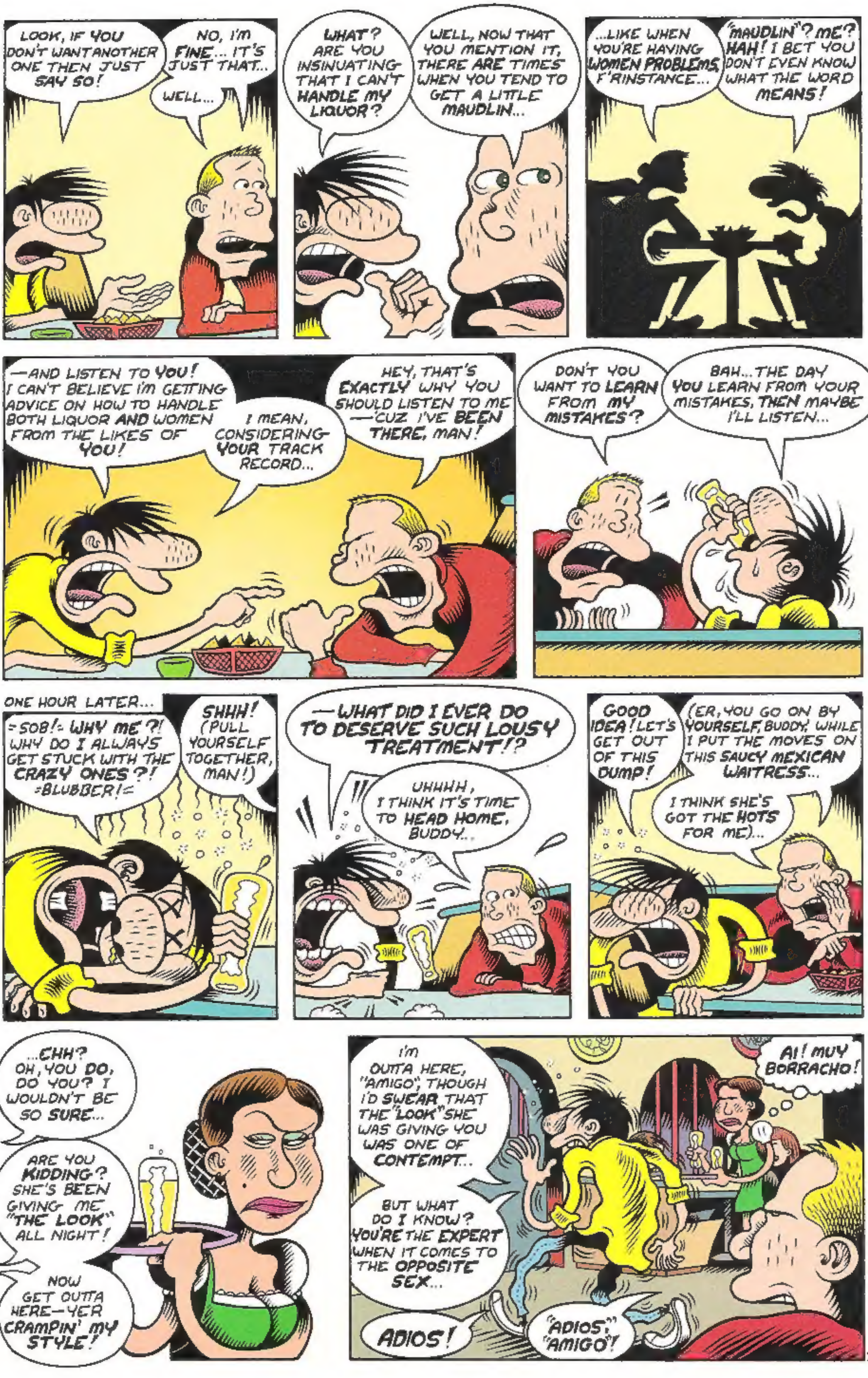
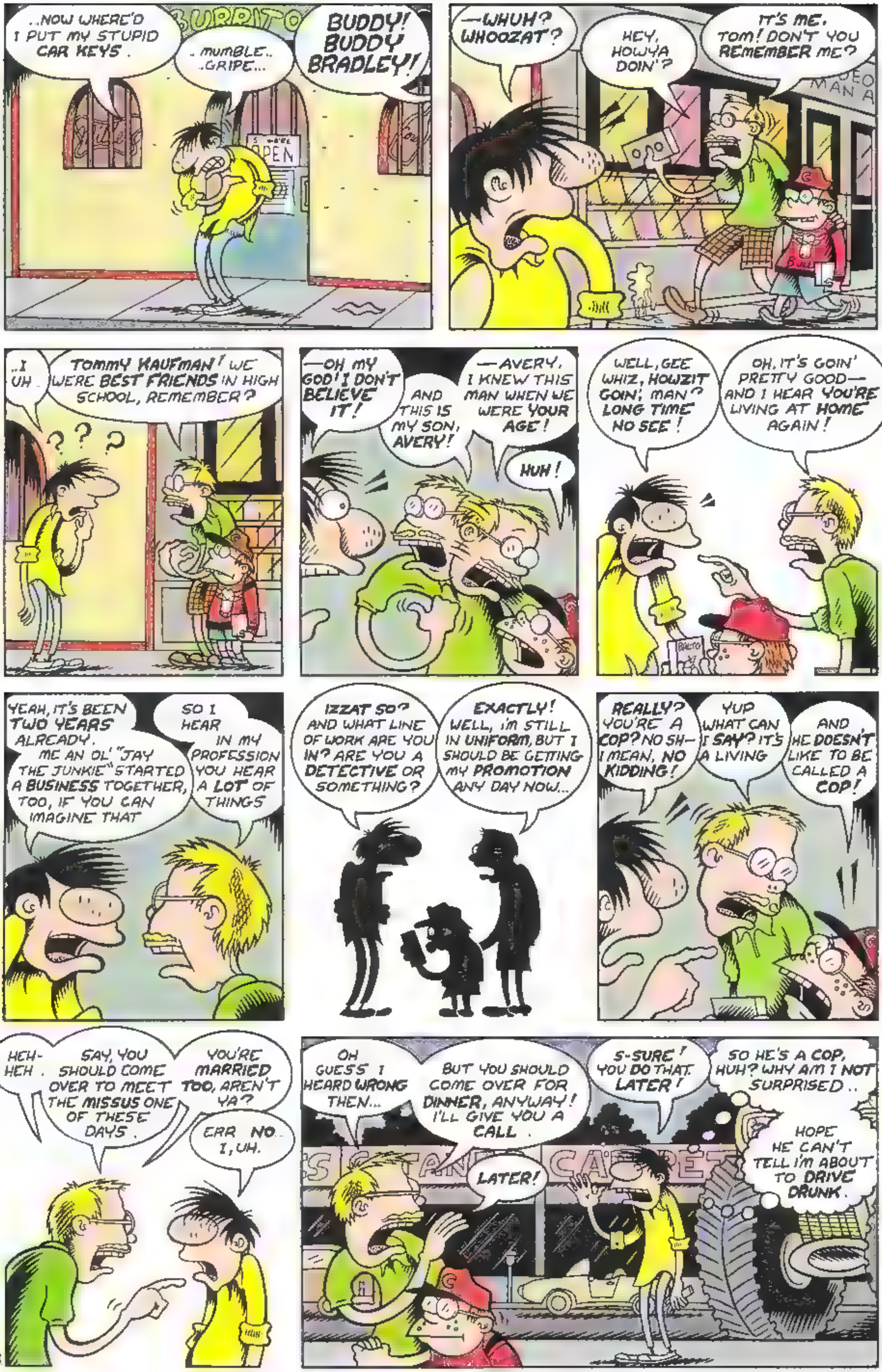
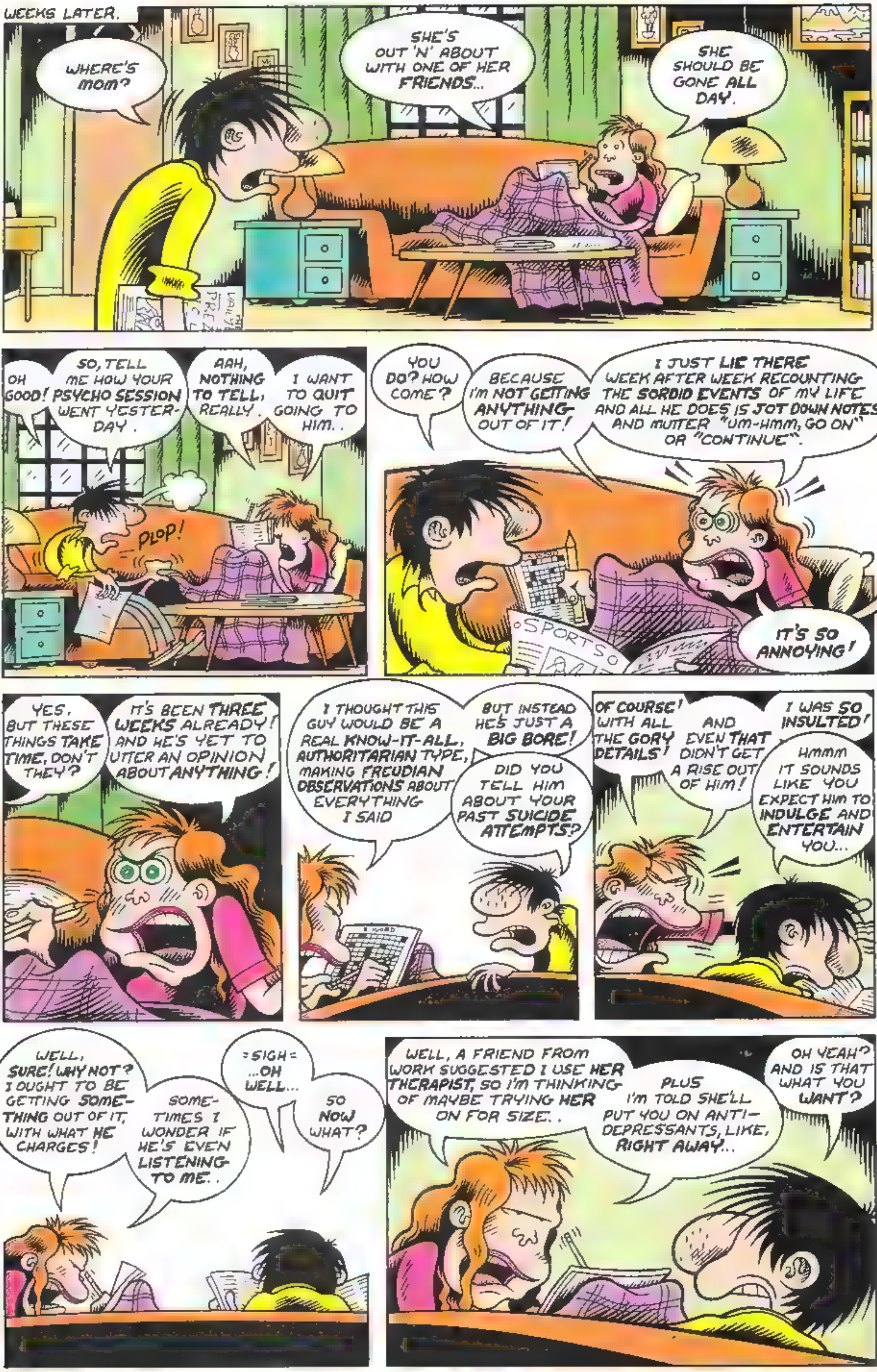

ONE WEEK LATER...
...AND WHILE MY CHILDHOOD WASN'T EXACTLY A NIGHTMARE, IT SURE WASN'T ANYTHING TO BRAG ABOUT, EITHER...
...MY FAMILY WAS YOUR TYPICAL BLUE-COLLAR, BORDERLINE WHITE-TRASH TYPES. THEY OWNED THE HOUSE I GREW UP IN, BUT THAT WAS ABOUT IT...
BOTH OF MY PARENTS WERE LETHARGIC, OVERWEIGHT ALCOHOLICS...
AND YET YOU SAY NO ONE IN YOUR FAMILY HAS EVER BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH A MENTAL ILLNESS?
NOT THAT I KNOW OF...
MY MOM PROBABLY SUFFERS FROM DEPRESSION, THOUGH LORD KNOWS SHE HAS REASON TO BE DEPRESSED...
..THESE DAYS SHE SEEMS TO BE RELYING ON THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION TO GET HER THROUGH THE DAY, THOUGH FOR ALL I KNOW MY DAD IS STILL MEDICATING HIMSELF WITH THE BOTTLE...
UM-HMM... GO ON...
...SO ANYHOW, BY THE TIME I WAS A TEENAGER I WAS SO MORTIFIED BY BOTH THEM AND MY SIBLINGS THAT I TRIED TO DISTANCE MYSELF FROM MY FAMILY AS MUCH AS I COULD...
HOW?
HOW? OH JEEZ, I DUNNO...
BY STAYING OUT LATE, SLEEPING OVER AT FRIENDS' HOUSES, DRESSING LIKE A SLOB, AND, I DUNNO, JUST ACTING CRAZY, I GUESS...
UM-HMM... AND HOW DID YOUR PARENTS REACT TO THIS REBELLIOUS BEHAVIOR?

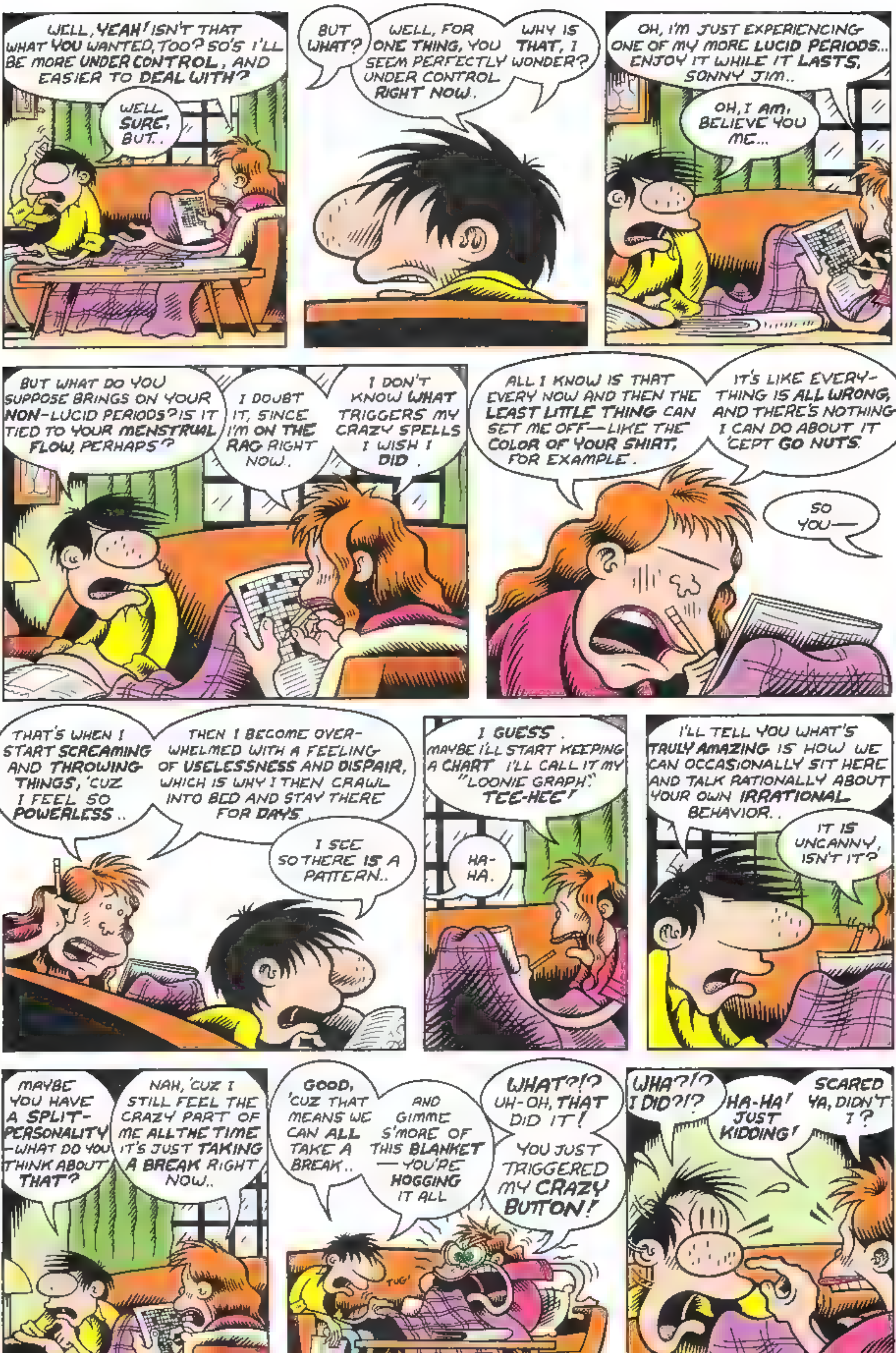

PFFT. THEY HARDLY EVEN NOTICED. GUESS THEY WERE TOO CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN PROBLEMS TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO WHAT WAS UP WITH ME...
LOOKING BACK ON IT I'M AMAZED THAT THEY DIDN'T GO BALLISTIC...
WAS THAT YOUR INTENTION? TO MAKE THEM "GO BALLISTIC"?
HMM? OH JEEZ, WHO KNOWS WHAT MY INTENTIONS WERE. I SURE DIDN'T...
ALL I KNEW WAS THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE LIKE THEM...
...OF COURSE, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I DID WANT OUT OF LIFE, AND I STILL DON'T... WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE, I GUESS...
BUT THEN, WHO DOES KNOW WHAT THEY WANT WHEN YOU'RE IN YOUR TEENS? ALL YOU KNOW FOR SURE IS WHAT YOU DON'T WANT — RIGHT?
MMMM, THAT MAY BE TRUE FOR SOME, BUT YOU OUGHT NOT GENERALIZE...
—OH NO? WELL, HOW ABOUT YOU? DID YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANTED WHEN YOU WERE SIXTEEN?
ERRR, WELL, YES, BASICALLY...
IS THAT SO? AND WHAT DID YOU WANT?
TO GO TO COLLEGE, AND PURSUE A CAREER IN PSYCHIATRY...
...OH.
...I WISH WE COULD CONTINUE, BUT I'M AFRAID OUR TIME IS UP...
—REALLY? THAT WAS QUICK...
...SO NOW WHAT?
?!? I BEG YOUR PARDON?
AREN'T YOU GOING TO PRESCRIBE ME SOMETHING? LIKE PROZAC OR SOMETHING?
PROZAC? WHY, NO...
I MAY PRESCRIBE AN ANTI-DEPRESSANT ONCE—AND IF—I CONCLUDE THAT YOU DO SUFFER FROM CLINICAL DEPRESSION, BUT—
SO HOW LONG IS THAT GONNA TAKE?
I CAN'T SAY... WEEKS, MONTHS...
THAT LONG?!
SO WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO IN THE MEANTIME? I STILL GOT AN ASSHOLE BOSS AND A PAIN IN THE ASS BOYFRIEND TO DEAL WITH, YA KNOW!
>SIGH<...UNLESS THEY'RE BEHAVING IN A CRIMINAL MANNER, I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU JUST TRY TO ACT AS CIVIL AS POSSIBLE 'TIL OUR NEXT VISIT...
UGH! THAT SOUNDS EXHAUSTING...
THANKS A LOT— PUTZ!
PLOP!


THAT EVENING...
BURRITO-LOCO
...AND I'M TELLIN' YA, BUTCH, SHE WOULDN'T BUDGE! IT WAS LIKE SHE WAS DEAD TO THE WORLD...
OPEN
SO WHAT DID YOU DO?
...SO I TRIED PULLING HER OUT OF BED, WHEN SHE SUDDENLY TURNS ON ME AND MAKES THIS SNARLY FACE LIKE LINDA BLAIR IN THE EXORCIST!
SCARED THE SHIT OUTTA ME, LEMME TELL YA...
JEEZUS...
SO THEN WHAT DID YOU DO?
WHAT COULD I DO? I JUST TURNED AROUND AND LEFT...
DON'T ASK ME HOW SHE GOT TO WORK ON TIME, BUT SHE MANAGED SOMEHOW...
JEE-ZUS...
I DUNNO, BUDDY...IF I WERE YOU I WOULDN'T TOLERATE SUCH ...SUCH...
SUCH WHAT, "INSUBORDINATION"? WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST I DO, FORCE HER OUT OF BED AND INTO HER CLOTHES?
SHE'D SCRATCH MY EYES OUT IF I EVEN TRIED...
SO? SINCE WHEN ARE YOU AFRAID OF A LITTLE CAT SCRATCH?
YOU'RE STRONGER THAN HER, AREN'T YA? IF SHE TRIES TO GET ROUGH WITH YOU THEN JUST KICK HER ASS!
OR BETTER YET KICK HER OUT!
YEAH, RIGHT...
...WAITRESS! TWO MORE, PLEASE!
SI, SEÑOR...
WHAT? HOLD ON, WAITRESS... (BUDDY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH?)
?!? WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?
?
(WHEN WE CAME IN HERE YOU SAID YOU WERE GONNA JUST HAVE ONE WITH DINNER, AND YOU'VE HAD THREE ALREADY!)
SO I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! WHAT'S IT TO YOU ANYWAY?
TWO MORE, WAITRESS!
SI, SEÑOR...

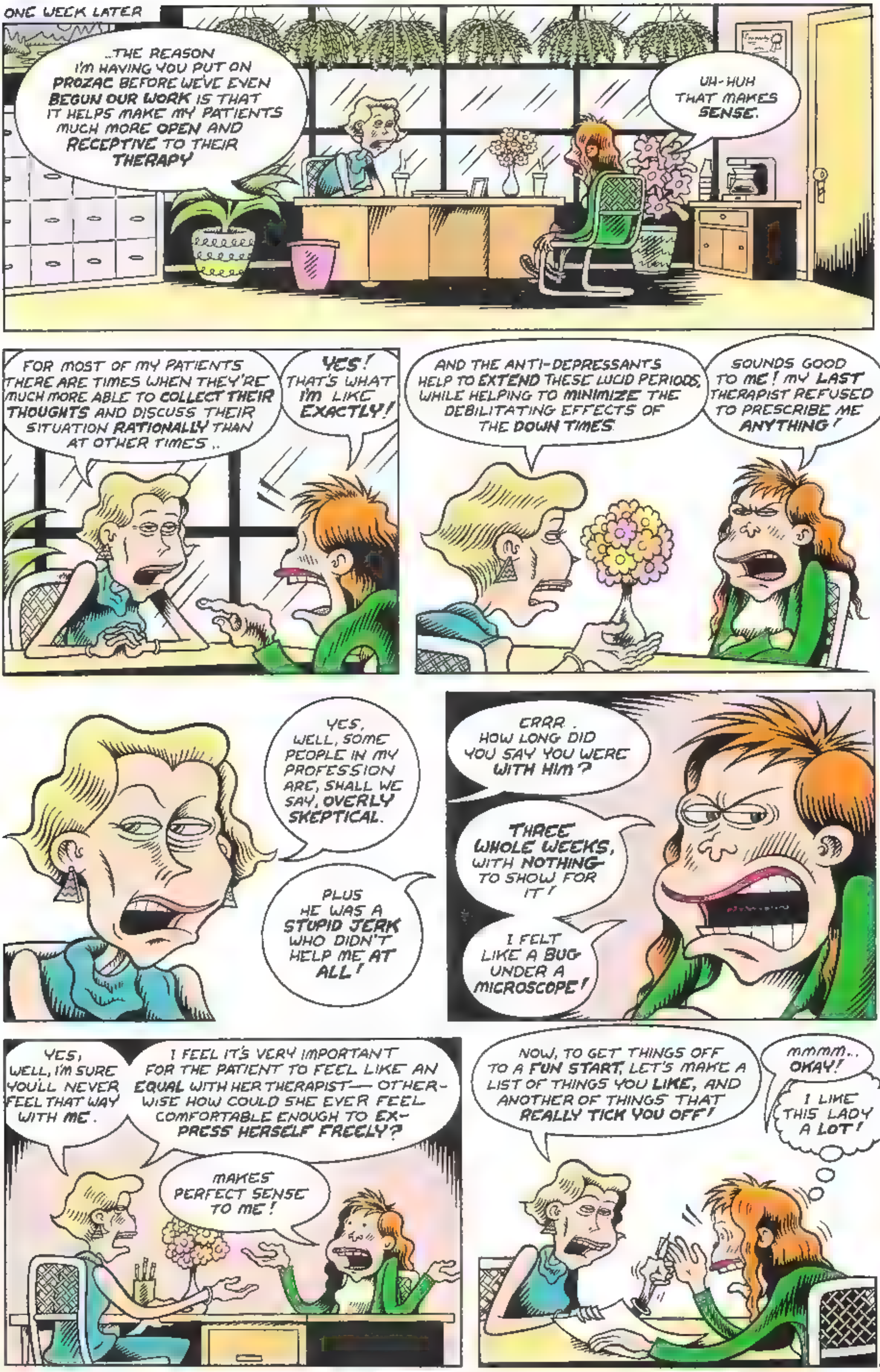

LOOK, IF YOU DON'T WANT ANOTHER ONE THEN JUST SAY SO!
NO, I'M FINE... IT'S JUST THAT...
WELL...
WHAT? ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I CAN'T HANDLE MY LIQUOR?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU TEND TO GET A LITTLE MAUDLIN...
...LIKE WHEN YOU'RE HAVING WOMEN PROBLEMS, F'RINSTANCE...
"MAUDLIN"? ME? HAH! I BET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE WORD MEANS!
—AND LISTEN TO YOU! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GETTING ADVICE ON HOW TO HANDLE BOTH LIQUOR AND WOMEN FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!
I MEAN, CONSIDERING YOUR TRACK RECORD...
HEY, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO ME —'CUZ I'VE BEEN THERE, MAN!
DON'T YOU WANT TO LEARN FROM MY MISTAKES?
BAH... THE DAY YOU LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES, THEN MAYBE I'LL LISTEN...
ONE HOUR LATER...
=SOB!= WHY ME?! WHY DO I ALWAYS GET STUCK WITH THE CRAZY ONES?! =BLUBBER!=
SHHH! (PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN!)
—WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE SUCH LOUSY TREATMENT!?
UHHHH, I THINK IT'S TIME TO HEAD HOME, BUDDY...
GOOD IDEA! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DUMP!
(ER, YOU GO ON BY YOURSELF, BUDDY, WHILE I PUT THE MOVES ON THIS SAUCY MEXICAN WAITRESS...
I THINK SHE'S GOT THE HOTS FOR ME)...
...EHH? OH, YOU DO, DO YOU? I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE...
ARE YOU KIDDING? SHE'S BEEN GIVING ME "THE LOOK" ALL NIGHT!
NOW GET OUTTA HERE—YER CRAMPIN' MY STYLE!
I'M OUTTA HERE, "AMIGO", THOUGH I'D SWEAR THAT THE "LOOK" SHE WAS GIVING YOU WAS ONE OF CONTEMPT...
AI! MUY BORRACHO!
BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? YOU'RE THE EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO THE OPPOSITE SEX...
ADIOS!
"ADIOS," "AMIGO"!


..NOW WHERE'D I PUT MY STUPID CAR KEYS.
..MUMBLE.. ..GRIPE...
BUDDY! BUDDY BRADLEY!!
—WHUH? WHOOZAT?
HEY, HOWYA DOIN'?
IT'S ME, TOM! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?
..I UH..
TOMMY KAUFMAN! WE WERE BEST FRIENDS IN HIGH SCHOOL, REMEMBER?
—OH MY GOD! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AND THIS IS MY SON, AVERY!
—AVERY, I KNEW THIS MAN WHEN WE WERE YOUR AGE!
HUH!
WELL, GEE WHIZ, HOWZIT GOIN', MAN? LONG TIME NO SEE!
OH, IT'S GOIN' PRETTY GOOD— AND I HEAR YOU'RE LIVING AT HOME AGAIN!
YEAH, IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS ALREADY. ME AN OL' "JAY THE JUNKIE" STARTED A BUSINESS TOGETHER, TOO, IF YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT
SO I HEAR IN MY PROFESSION YOU HEAR A LOT OF THINGS
IZZAT SO? AND WHAT LINE OF WORK ARE YOU IN? ARE YOU A DETECTIVE OR SOMETHING?
EXACTLY! WELL, I'M STILL IN UNIFORM, BUT I SHOULD BE GETTING MY PROMOTION ANY DAY NOW...
REALLY? YOU'RE A COP? NO SH— I MEAN, NO KIDDING!
YUP WHAT CAN I SAY? IT'S A LIVING
AND HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE CALLED A COP!
HEH-HEH.
SAY, YOU SHOULD COME OVER TO MEET THE MISSUS ONE OF THESE DAYS.
YOU'RE MARRIED TOO, AREN'T YA?
ERR NO.. I, UH.
OH GUESS I HEARD WRONG THEN...
BUT YOU SHOULD COME OVER FOR DINNER, ANYWAY! I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL.
S-SURE! YOU DO THAT. LATER!
LATER!
SO HE'S A COP, HUH? WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED..
HOPE HE CAN'T TELL I'M ABOUT TO DRIVE DRUNK.

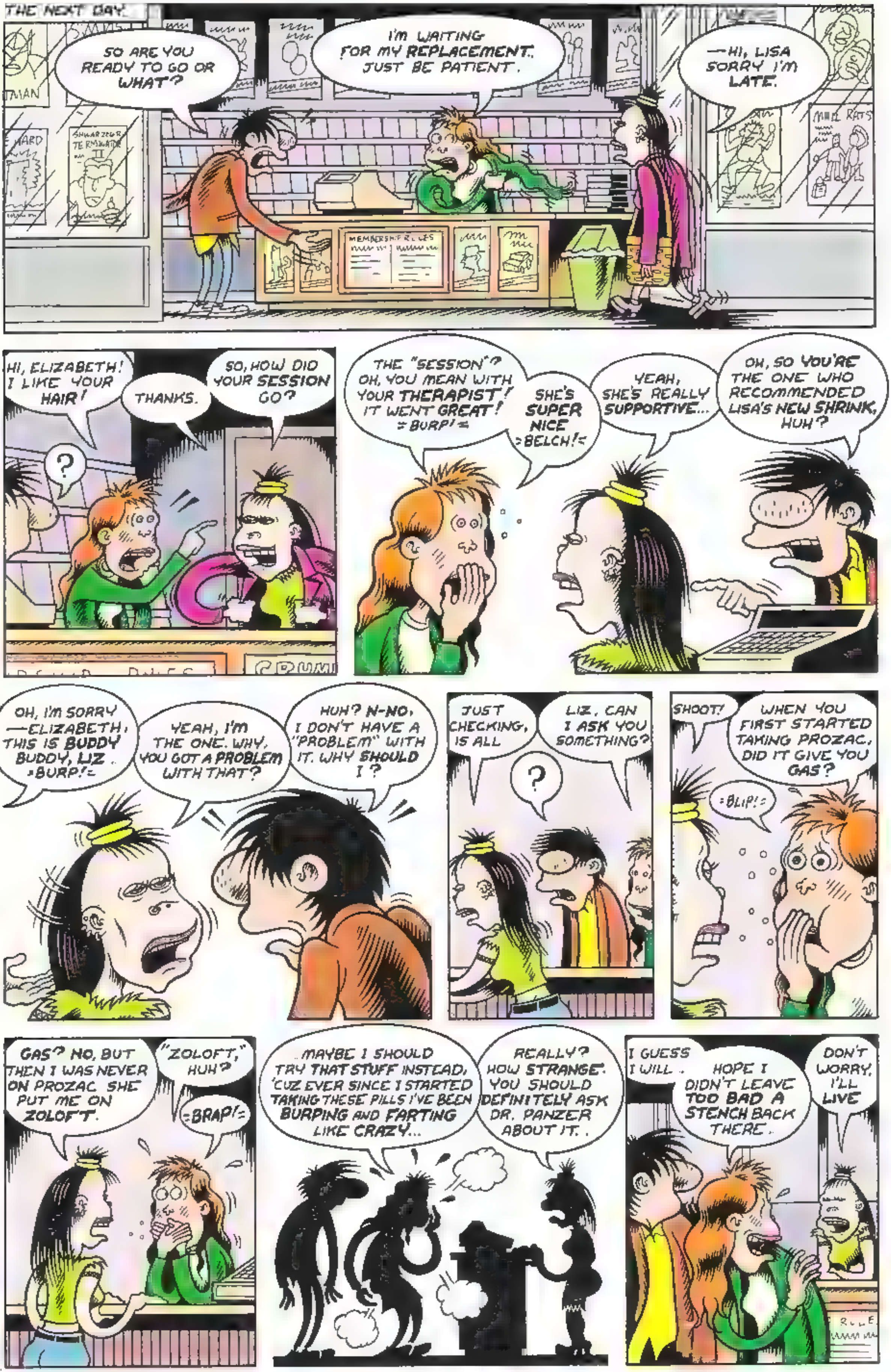

WEEKS LATER.
WHERE'S MOM?
SHE'S OUT 'N' ABOUT WITH ONE OF HER FRIENDS...
SHE SHOULD BE GONE ALL DAY.
OH GOOD!
SO, TELL ME HOW YOUR PSYCHO SESSION WENT YESTERDAY.
AAH, NOTHING TO TELL, REALLY.
I WANT TO QUIT GOING TO HIM..
PLOP!
YOU DO? HOW COME?
BECAUSE I'M NOT GETTING ANYTHING OUT OF IT!
I JUST LIE THERE WEEK AFTER WEEK RECOUNTING THE SORDID EVENTS OF MY LIFE AND ALL HE DOES IS JOT DOWN NOTES AND MUTTER "UM-HMM, GO ON" OR "CONTINUE".
IT'S SO ANNOYING!
SPORTS
YES, BUT THESE THINGS TAKE TIME, DON'T THEY?
IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS ALREADY! AND HE'S YET TO UTTER AN OPINION ABOUT ANYTHING!
I THOUGHT THIS GUY WOULD BE A REAL KNOW-IT-ALL, AUTHORITARIAN TYPE, MAKING FREUDIAN OBSERVATIONS ABOUT EVERYTHING I SAID
BUT INSTEAD HE'S JUST A BIG BORE!
DID YOU TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR PAST SUICIDE ATTEMPTS?
OF COURSE! WITH ALL THE GORY DETAILS!
AND EVEN THAT DIDN'T GET A RISE OUT OF HIM!
I WAS SO INSULTED!
HMMM IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU EXPECT HIM TO INDULGE AND ENTERTAIN YOU...
WELL, SURE! WHY NOT? I OUGHT TO BE GETTING SOMETHING OUT OF IT, WITH WHAT HE CHARGES!
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF HE'S EVEN LISTENING TO ME..
=SIGH= ...OH WELL...
SO NOW WHAT?
WELL, A FRIEND FROM WORK SUGGESTED I USE HER THERAPIST, SO I'M THINKING OF MAYBE TRYING HER ON FOR SIZE..
PLUS I'M TOLD SHE'LL PUT YOU ON ANTI-DEPRESSANTS, LIKE, RIGHT AWAY...
OH YEAH? AND IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?



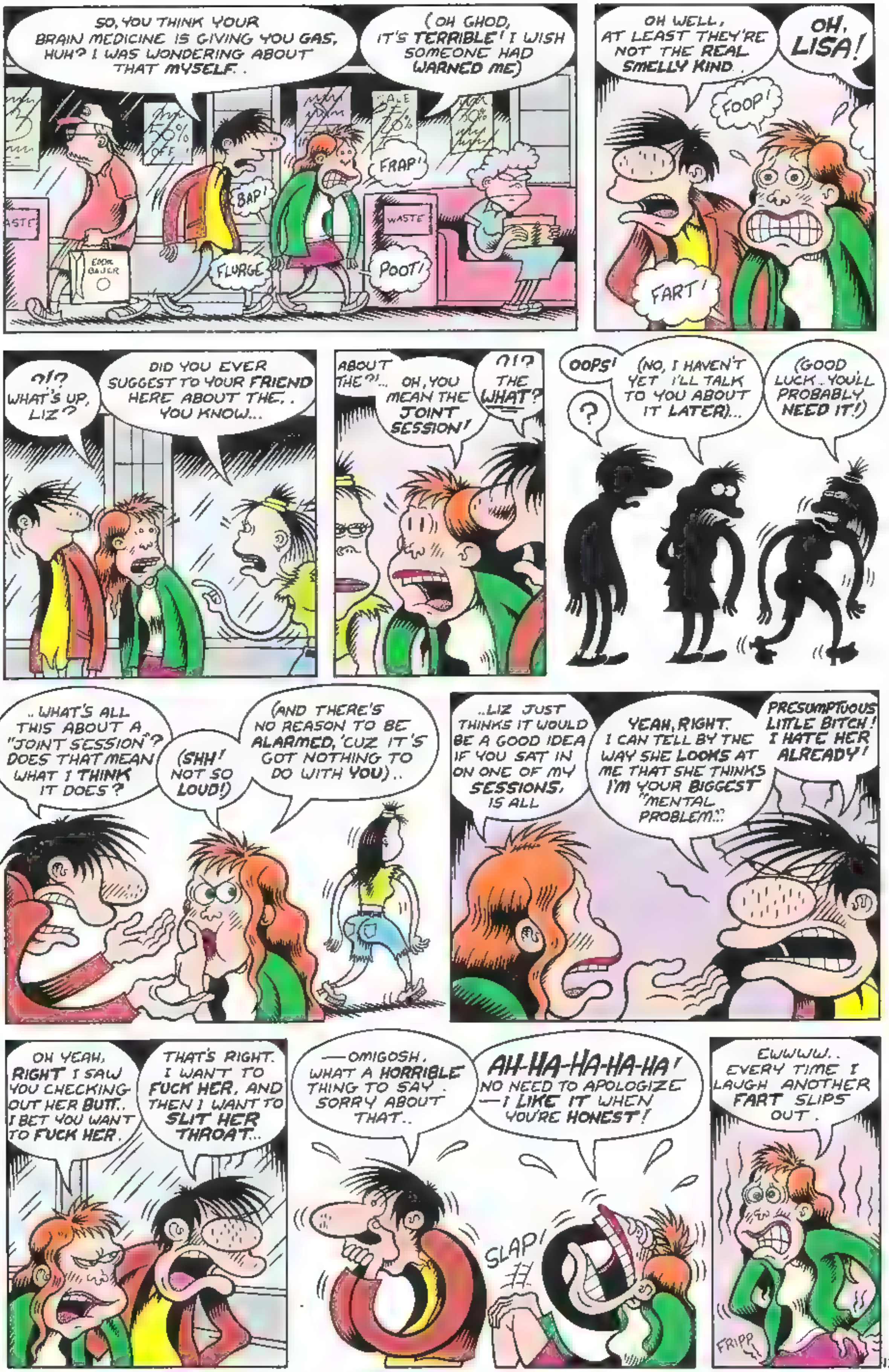
WELL, YEAH! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED, TOO? SO'S I'LL BE MORE UNDER CONTROL, AND EASIER TO DEAL WITH?
WELL SURE, BUT..
BUT WHAT?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, YOU SEEM PERFECTLY UNDER CONTROL RIGHT NOW.
WHY IS THAT, I WONDER?
OH, I'M JUST EXPERIENCING ONE OF MY MORE LUCID PERIODS... ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS, SONNY JIM..
OH, I AM, BELIEVE YOU ME...
BUT WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BRINGS ON YOUR NON-LUCID PERIODS? IS IT TIED TO YOUR MENSTRUAL FLOW, PERHAPS?
I DOUBT IT, SINCE I'M ON THE RAG RIGHT NOW..
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TRIGGERS MY CRAZY SPELLS. I WISH I DID.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY NOW AND THEN THE LEAST LITTLE THING CAN SET ME OFF—LIKE THE COLOR OF YOUR SHIRT, FOR EXAMPLE.
IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING IS ALL WRONG, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT 'CEPT GO NUTS.
SO YOU—
THAT'S WHEN I START SCREAMING AND THROWING THINGS, 'CUZ I FEEL SO POWERLESS..
THEN I BECOME OVERWHELMED WITH A FEELING OF USELESSNESS AND DISPAIR, WHICH IS WHY I THEN CRAWL INTO BED AND STAY THERE FOR DAYS.
I SEE. SO THERE IS A PATTERN..
I GUESS. MAYBE I'LL START KEEPING A CHART. I'LL CALL IT MY "LOONIE GRAPH." TEE-HEE!
HA-HA.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S TRULY AMAZING IS HOW WE CAN OCCASIONALLY SIT HERE AND TALK RATIONALLY ABOUT YOUR OWN IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR..
IT IS UNCANNY, ISN'T IT?
MAYBE YOU HAVE A SPLIT-PERSONALITY—WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?
NAH, 'CUZ I STILL FEEL THE CRAZY PART OF ME ALL THE TIME. IT'S JUST TAKING A BREAK RIGHT NOW..
GOOD, 'CUZ THAT MEANS WE CAN ALL TAKE A BREAK..
AND GIMME S'MORE OF THIS BLANKET—YOU'RE HOGGING IT ALL.
TUG!
WHAT?!? UH-OH, THAT DID IT!
YOU JUST TRIGGERED MY CRAZY BUTTON!
WHA?!? I DID?!?
HA-HA! JUST KIDDING!
SCARED YA, DIDN'T I?

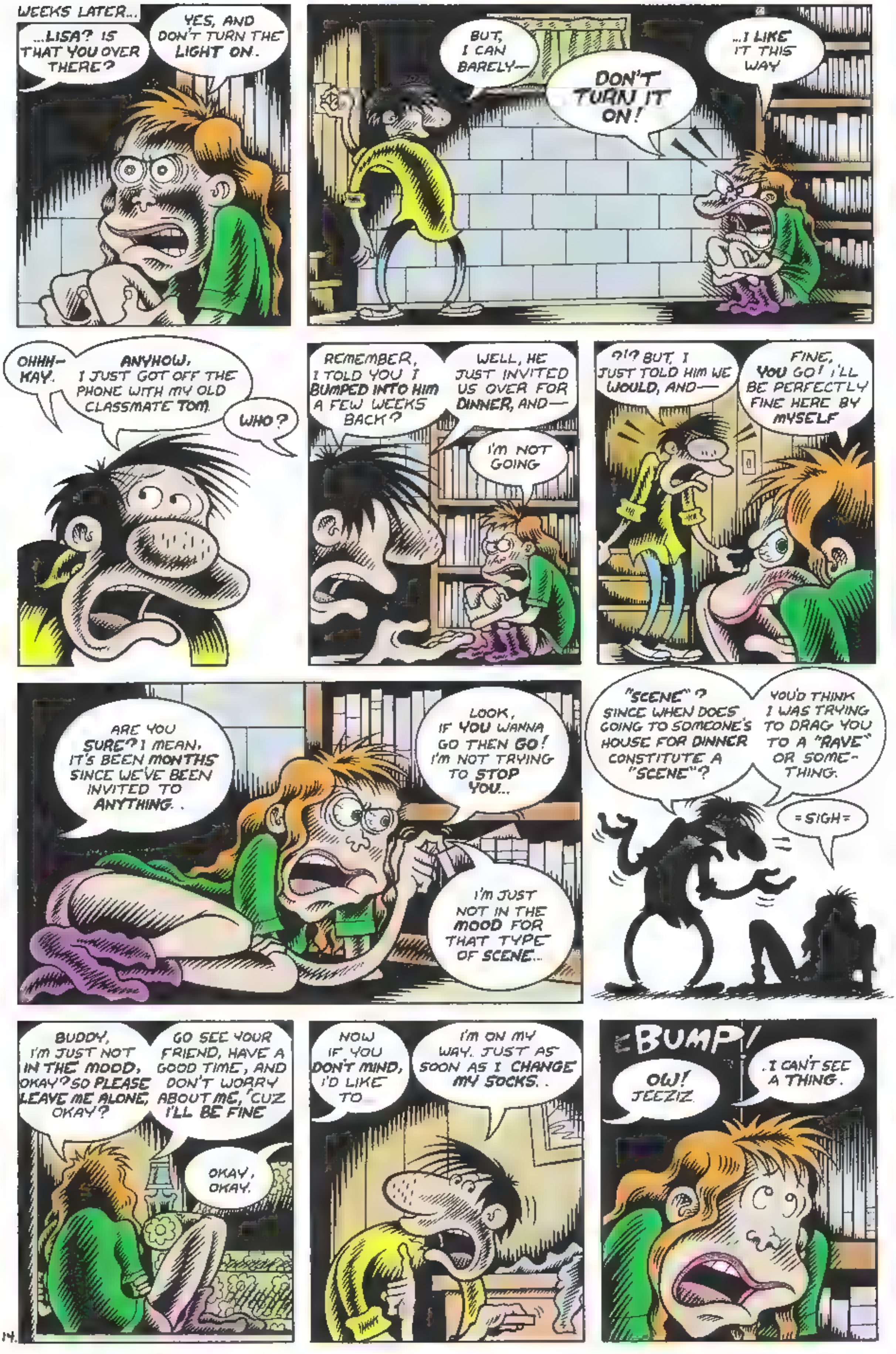


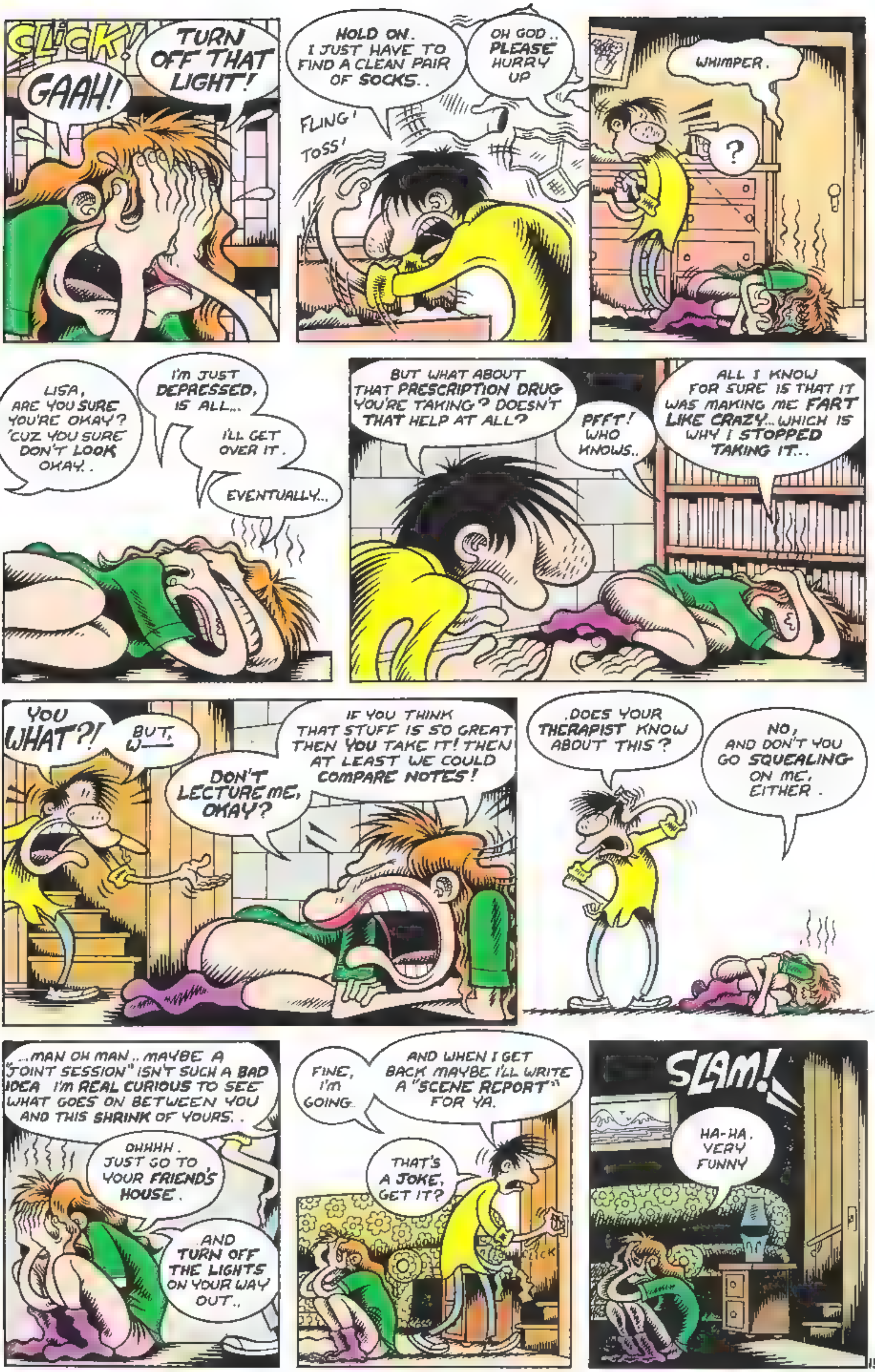
ONE WEEK LATER
...THE REASON I'M HAVING YOU PUT ON PROZAC BEFORE WE'VE EVEN BEGUN OUR WORK IS THAT IT HELPS MAKE MY PATIENTS MUCH MORE OPEN AND RECEPTIVE TO THEIR THERAPY
UH-HUH THAT MAKES SENSE.
FOR MOST OF MY PATIENTS THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THEY'RE MUCH MORE ABLE TO COLLECT THEIR THOUGHTS AND DISCUSS THEIR SITUATION RATIONALLY THAN AT OTHER TIMES ..
YES! THAT'S WHAT I'M LIKE EXACTLY!
AND THE ANTI-DEPRESSANTS HELP TO EXTEND THESE LUCID PERIODS, WHILE HELPING TO MINIMIZE THE DEBILITATING EFFECTS OF THE DOWN TIMES.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! MY LAST THERAPIST REFUSED TO PRESCRIBE ME ANYTHING!
YES, WELL, SOME PEOPLE IN MY PROFESSION ARE, SHALL WE SAY, OVERLY SKEPTICAL.
PLUS HE WAS A STUPID JERK WHO DIDN'T HELP ME AT ALL!
ERRR . HOW LONG DID YOU SAY YOU WERE WITH HIM?
THREE WHOLE WEEKS, WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT!
I FELT LIKE A BUG UNDER A MICROSCOPE!
YES, WELL, I'M SURE YOU'LL NEVER FEEL THAT WAY WITH ME.
I FEEL IT'S VERY IMPORTANT FOR THE PATIENT TO FEEL LIKE AN EQUAL WITH HER THERAPIST— OTHERWISE HOW COULD SHE EVER FEEL COMFORTABLE ENOUGH TO EXPRESS HERSELF FREELY?
MAKES PERFECT SENSE TO ME!
NOW, TO GET THINGS OFF TO A FUN START, LET'S MAKE A LIST OF THINGS YOU LIKE, AND ANOTHER OF THINGS THAT REALLY TICK YOU OFF!
MMMM... OKAY!
I LIKE THIS LADY A LOT!



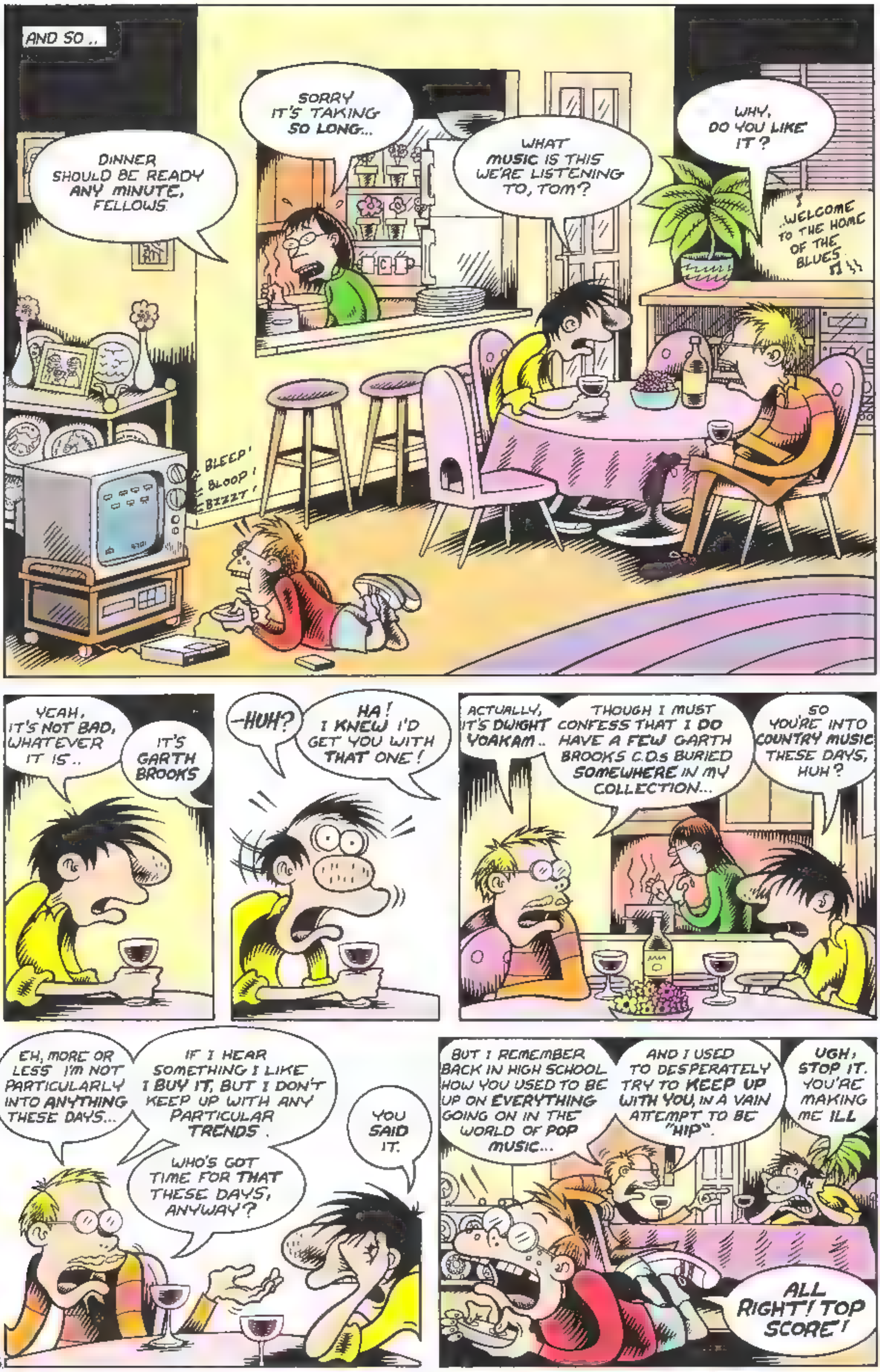
THE NEXT DAY.
SO ARE YOU READY TO GO OR WHAT?
I'M WAITING FOR MY REPLACEMENT. JUST BE PATIENT.
—HI, LISA SORRY I'M LATE.
HI, ELIZABETH! I LIKE YOUR HAIR!
THANKS.
SO, HOW DID YOUR SESSION GO?
THE "SESSION"? OH, YOU MEAN WITH YOUR THERAPIST! IT WENT GREAT! =BURP!=
SHE'S SUPER NICE =BELCH!=
YEAH, SHE'S REALLY SUPPORTIVE...
OH, SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO RECOMMENDED LISA'S NEW SHRINK, HUH?
OH, I'M SORRY —ELIZABETH, THIS IS BUDDY BUDDY, LIZ. =BURP!=
YEAH, I'M THE ONE. WHY, YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
HUH? N-NO, I DON'T HAVE A "PROBLEM" WITH IT. WHY SHOULD I?
JUST CHECKING, IS ALL
LIZ, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
SHOOT!
WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED TAKING PROZAC, DID IT GIVE YOU GAS?
=BLIP!=
GAS? NO, BUT THEN I WAS NEVER ON PROZAC. SHE PUT ME ON ZOLOFT.
"ZOLOFT," HUH?
=BRAP!=
..MAYBE I SHOULD TRY THAT STUFF INSTEAD, 'CUZ EVER SINCE I STARTED TAKING THESE PILLS I'VE BEEN BURPING AND FARTING LIKE CRAZY...
REALLY? HOW STRANGE. YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY ASK DR. PANZER ABOUT IT..
I GUESS I WILL..
HOPE I DIDN'T LEAVE TOO BAD A STENCH BACK THERE.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL LIVE

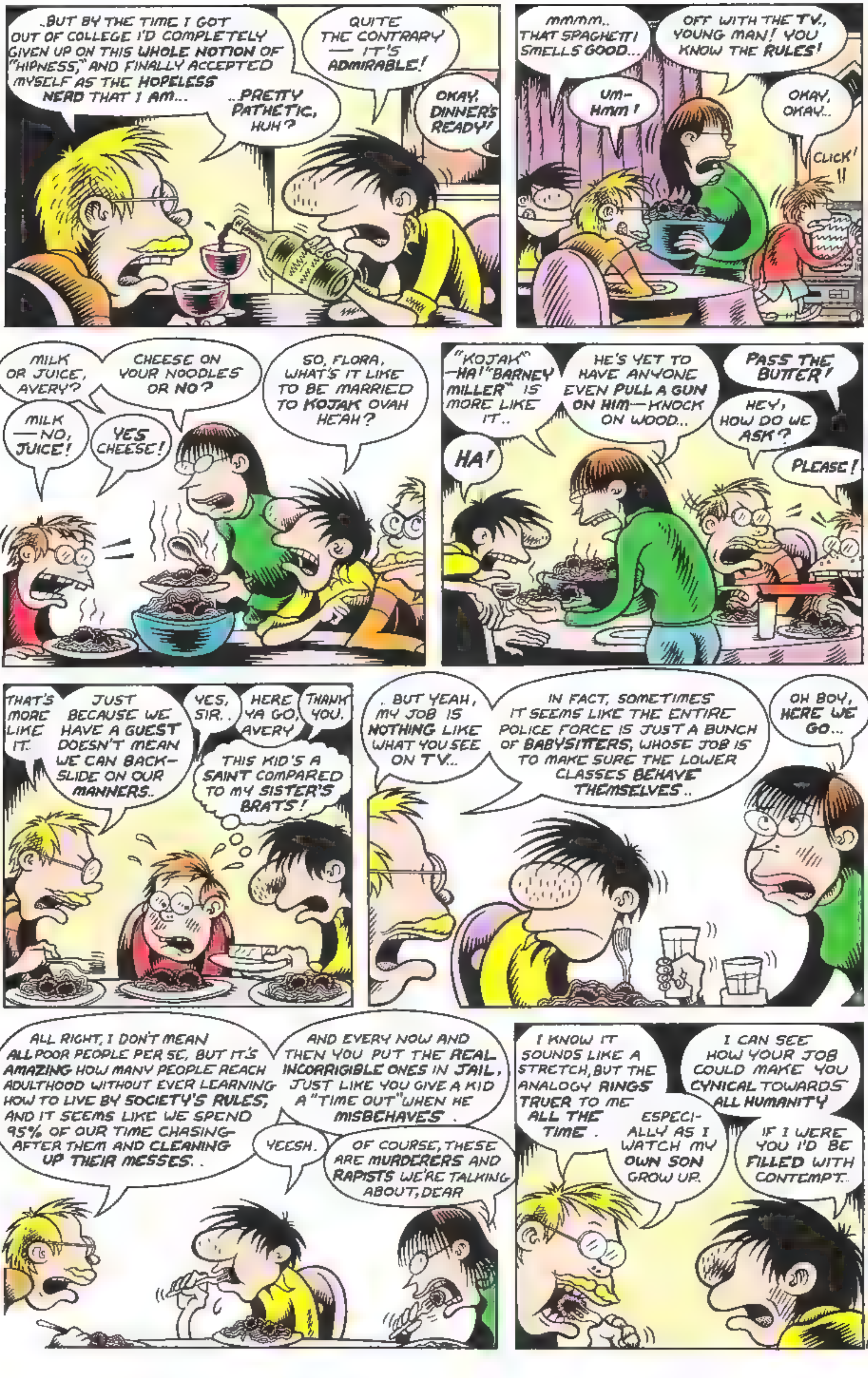

SO, YOU THINK YOUR BRAIN MEDICINE IS GIVING YOU GAS, HUH? I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT MYSELF..
(OH GHOD, IT'S TERRIBLE! I WISH SOMEONE HAD WARNED ME)
FRAP!
BAP!
FLURGE
POOT!
WASTE
OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT THE REAL SMELLY KIND.
OH, LISA!
FOOP!
FART!
?!?
WHAT'S UP, LIZ?
DID YOU EVER SUGGEST TO YOUR FRIEND HERE ABOUT THE.. YOU KNOW...
ABOUT THE?!.. OH, YOU MEAN THE JOINT SESSION!
?!? THE WHAT?
OOPS!
?
(NO, I HAVEN'T YET. I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT LATER)...
(GOOD LUCK.. YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED IT!)
..WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A "JOINT SESSION"? DOES THAT MEAN WHAT I THINK IT DOES?
(SHH! NOT SO LOUD!)
(AND THERE'S NO REASON TO BE ALARMED, 'CUZ IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU)..
..LIZ JUST THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU SAT IN ON ONE OF MY SESSIONS, IS ALL
YEAH, RIGHT. I CAN TELL BY THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT ME THAT SHE THINKS I'M YOUR BIGGEST "MENTAL PROBLEM."
PRESUMPTUOUS LITTLE BITCH! I HATE HER ALREADY!
OH YEAH, RIGHT. I SAW YOU CHECKING OUT HER BUTT.. I BET YOU WANT TO FUCK HER.
THAT'S RIGHT. I WANT TO FUCK HER, AND THEN I WANT TO SLIT HER THROAT...
—OMIGOSH, WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY. SORRY ABOUT THAT..
AH-HA-HA-HA-HA! NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE —I LIKE IT WHEN YOU'RE HONEST!
SLAP!
EWWWW.. EVERY TIME I LAUGH ANOTHER FART SLIPS OUT.
FRIPP

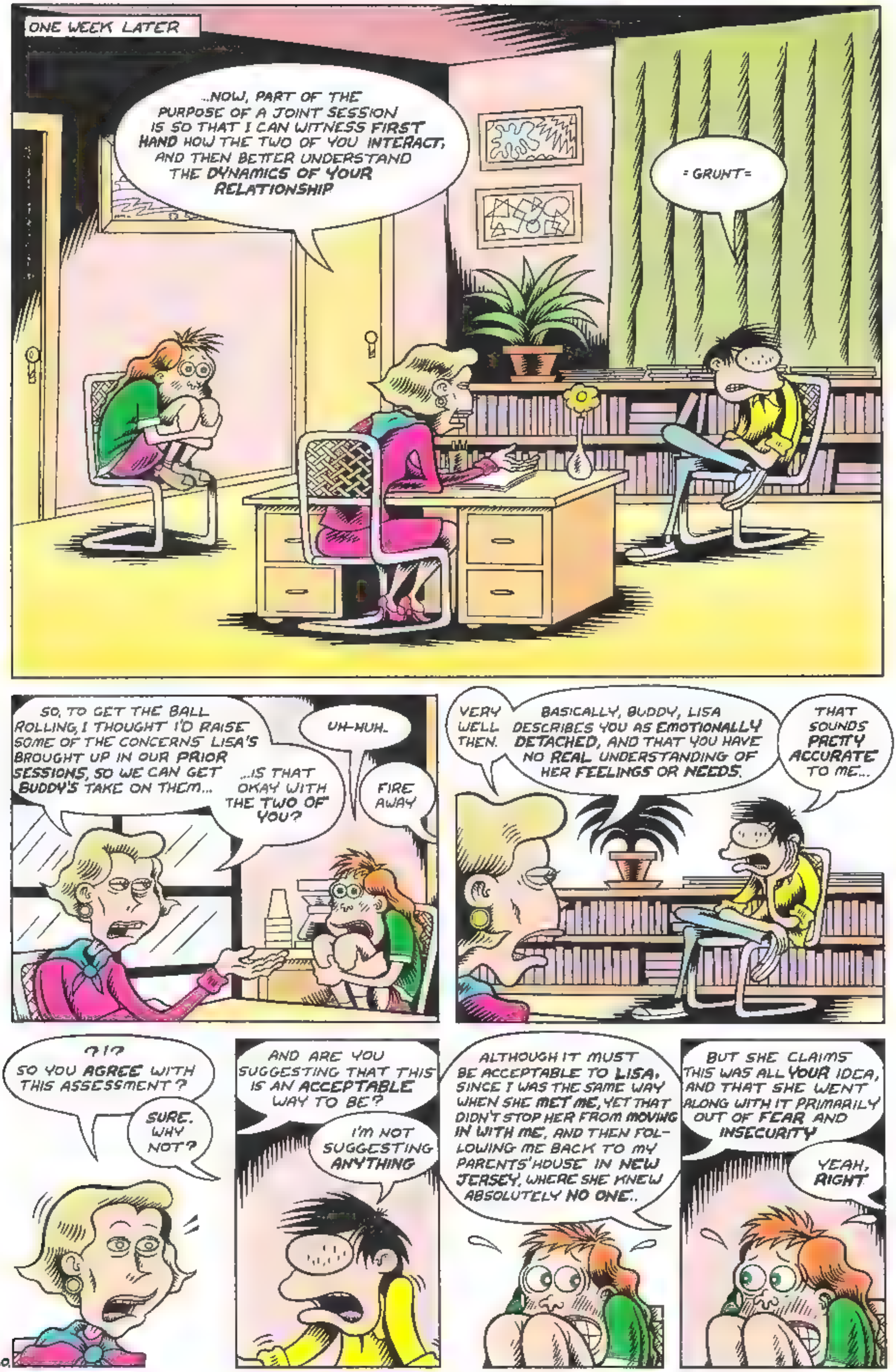

WEEKS LATER...
...LISA? IS THAT YOU OVER THERE?
YES, AND DON'T TURN THE LIGHT ON.
BUT, I CAN BARELY—
DON'T TURN IT ON!
...I LIKE IT THIS WAY
OHHH-KAY.
ANYHOW, I JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH MY OLD CLASSMATE TOM.
WHO?
REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU I BUMPED INTO HIM A FEW WEEKS BACK?
WELL, HE JUST INVITED US OVER FOR DINNER, AND—
I'M NOT GOING
?!? BUT, I JUST TOLD HIM WE WOULD, AND—
FINE, YOU GO! I'LL BE PERFECTLY FINE HERE BY MYSELF
ARE YOU SURE? I MEAN, IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO ANYTHING..
LOOK, IF YOU WANNA GO THEN GO! I'M NOT TRYING TO STOP YOU...
I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THAT TYPE OF SCENE...
"SCENE"? SINCE WHEN DOES GOING TO SOMEONE'S HOUSE FOR DINNER CONSTITUTE A "SCENE"?
YOU'D THINK I WAS TRYING TO DRAG YOU TO A "RAVE" OR SOME-THING.
=SIGH=
BUDDY, I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD, OKAY? SO PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE, OKAY?
GO SEE YOUR FRIEND, HAVE A GOOD TIME, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, 'CUZ I'LL BE FINE
OKAY, OKAY.
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO...
I'M ON MY WAY. JUST AS SOON AS I CHANGE MY SOCKS..
BUMP!
OW! JEEZIZ
..I CAN'T SEE A THING.

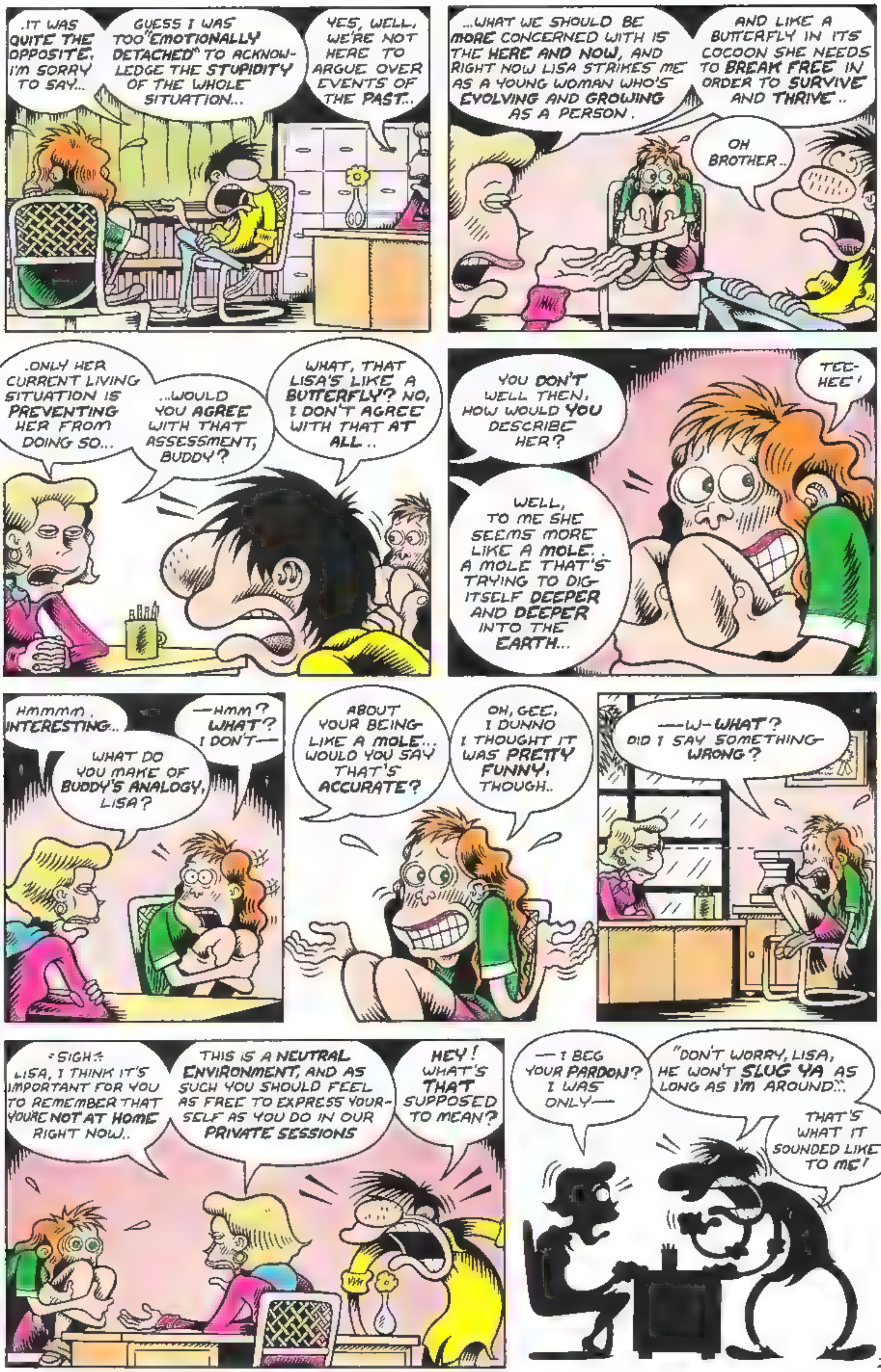


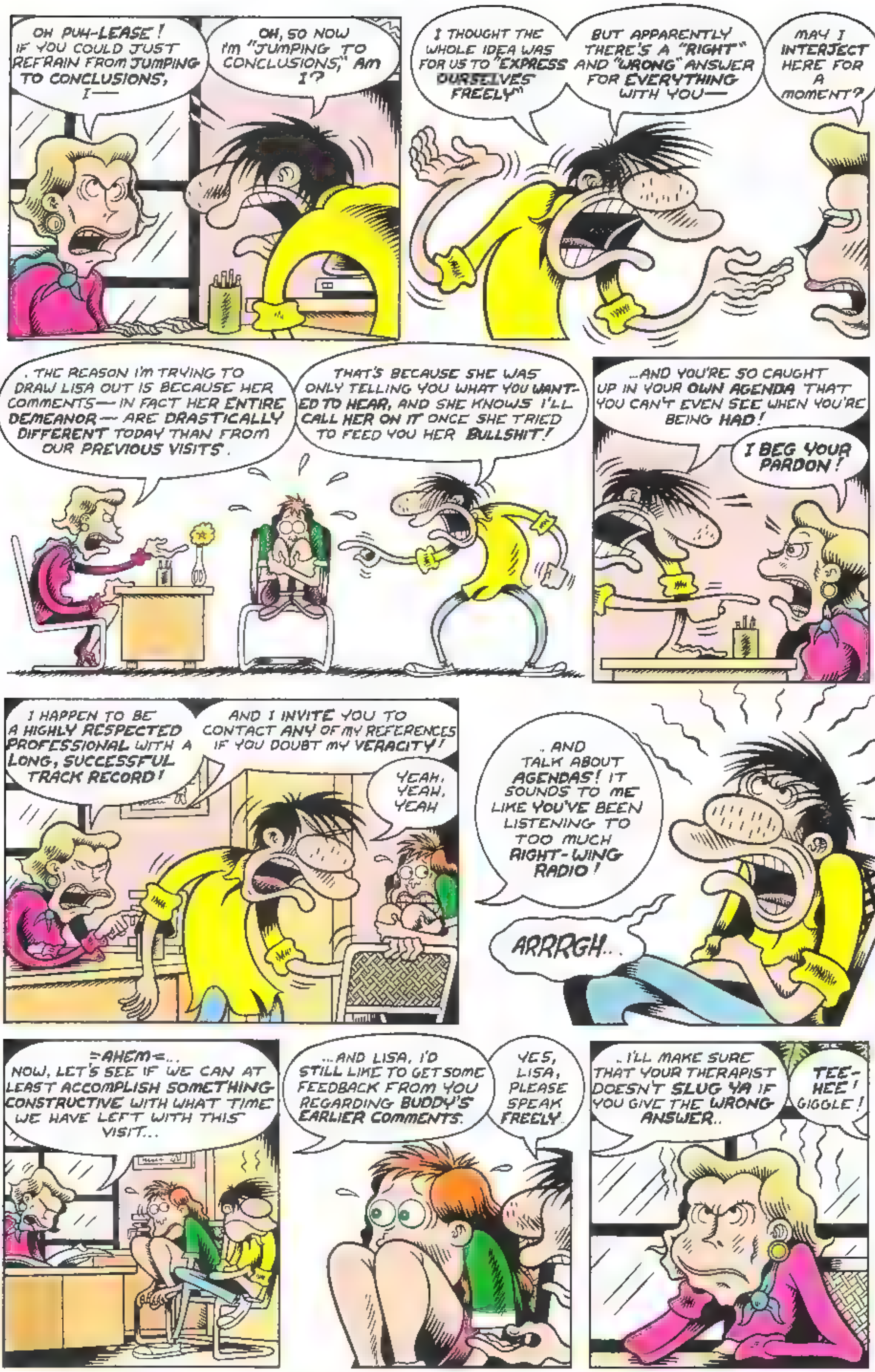
CLICK!
GAAH!
TURN OFF THAT LIGHT!
HOLD ON.. I JUST HAVE TO FIND A CLEAN PAIR OF SOCKS..
OH GOD.. PLEASE HURRY UP
FLING!
TOSS!
WHIMPER.
?
LISA, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY? 'CUZ YOU SURE DON'T LOOK OKAY..
I'M JUST DEPRESSED, IS ALL...
I'LL GET OVER IT.
EVENTUALLY...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PRESCRIPTION DRUG YOU'RE TAKING? DOESN'T THAT HELP AT ALL?
PFFT! WHO KNOWS..
ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT IT WAS MAKING ME FART LIKE CRAZY... WHICH IS WHY I STOPPED TAKING IT...
YOU WHAT?!
BUT, W—
DON'T LECTURE ME, OKAY?
IF YOU THINK THAT STUFF IS SO GREAT THEN YOU TAKE IT! THEN AT LEAST WE COULD COMPARE NOTES!
..DOES YOUR THERAPIST KNOW ABOUT THIS?
NO, AND DON'T YOU GO SQUEALING ON ME, EITHER.
...MAN OH MAN.. MAYBE A "JOINT SESSION" ISN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA. I'M REAL CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN YOU AND THIS SHRINK OF YOURS..
OHHHH. JUST GO TO YOUR FRIEND'S HOUSE.
AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS ON YOUR WAY OUT..
FINE, I'M GOING..
AND WHEN I GET BACK MAYBE I'LL WRITE A "SCENE REPORT" FOR YA.
THAT'S A JOKE, GET IT?
CLICK
SLAM!
HA-HA. VERY FUNNY

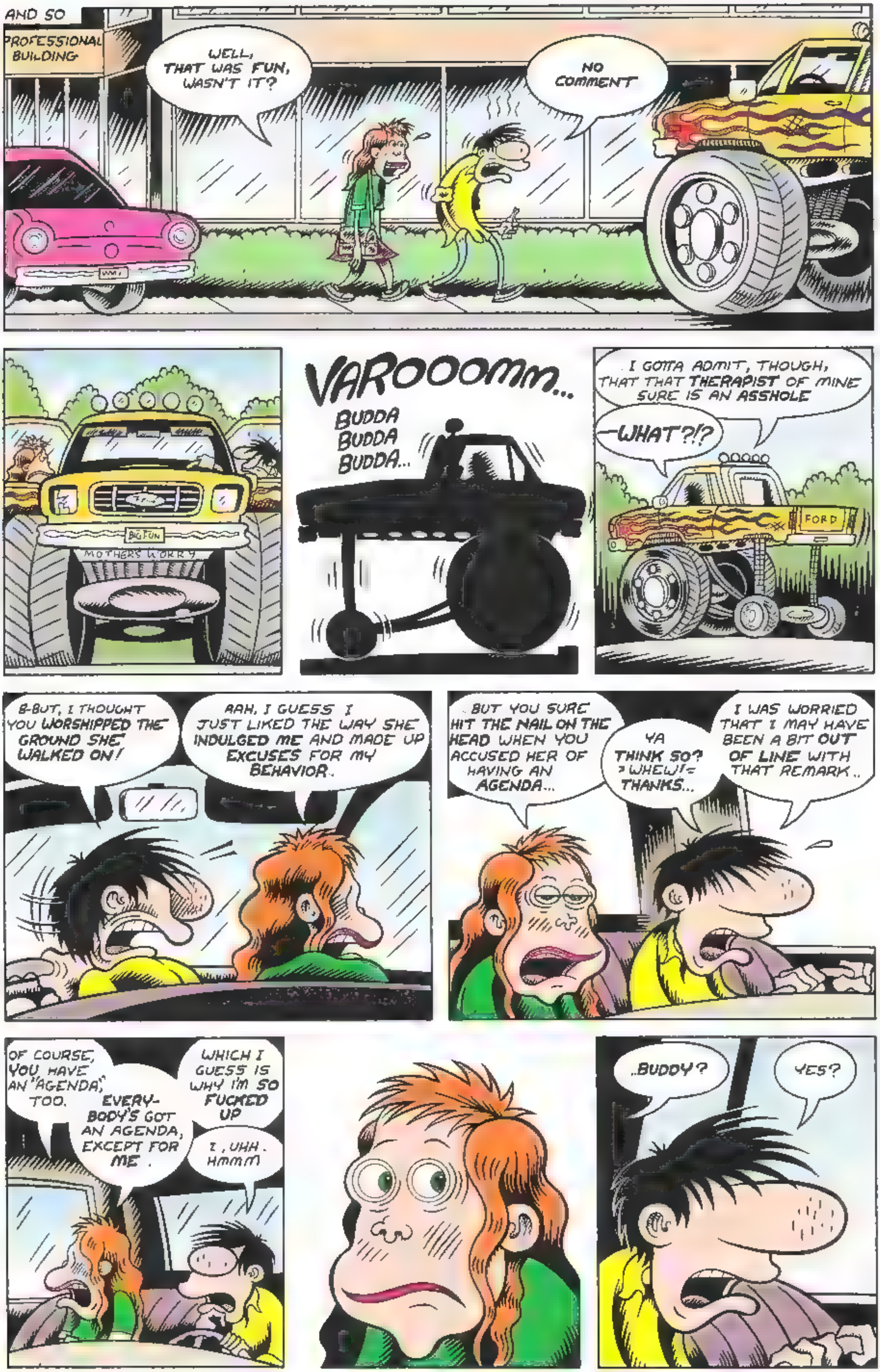

AND SO..
DINNER SHOULD BE READY ANY MINUTE, FELLOWS.
SORRY IT'S TAKING SO LONG...
WHAT MUSIC IS THIS WE'RE LISTENING TO, TOM?
WHY, DO YOU LIKE IT?
..WELCOME TO THE HOME OF THE BLUES
BLEEP! BLOOP! BZZZT!
YEAH, IT'S NOT BAD, WHATEVER IT IS..
IT'S GARTH BROOKS
-HUH?
HA! I KNEW I'D GET YOU WITH THAT ONE!
ACTUALLY, IT'S DWIGHT YOAKAM..
THOUGH I MUST CONFESS THAT I DO HAVE A FEW GARTH BROOKS C.D.s BURIED SOMEWHERE IN MY COLLECTION...
SO YOU'RE INTO COUNTRY MUSIC THESE DAYS, HUH?
EH, MORE OR LESS. I'M NOT PARTICULARLY INTO ANYTHING THESE DAYS...
IF I HEAR SOMETHING I LIKE I BUY IT, BUT I DON'T KEEP UP WITH ANY PARTICULAR TRENDS.
WHO'S GOT TIME FOR THAT THESE DAYS, ANYWAY?
YOU SAID IT.
BUT I REMEMBER BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL HOW YOU USED TO BE UP ON EVERYTHING GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF POP MUSIC...
AND I USED TO DESPERATELY TRY TO KEEP UP WITH YOU, IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO BE "HIP".
UGH, STOP IT. YOU'RE MAKING ME ILL
ALL RIGHT! TOP SCORE!

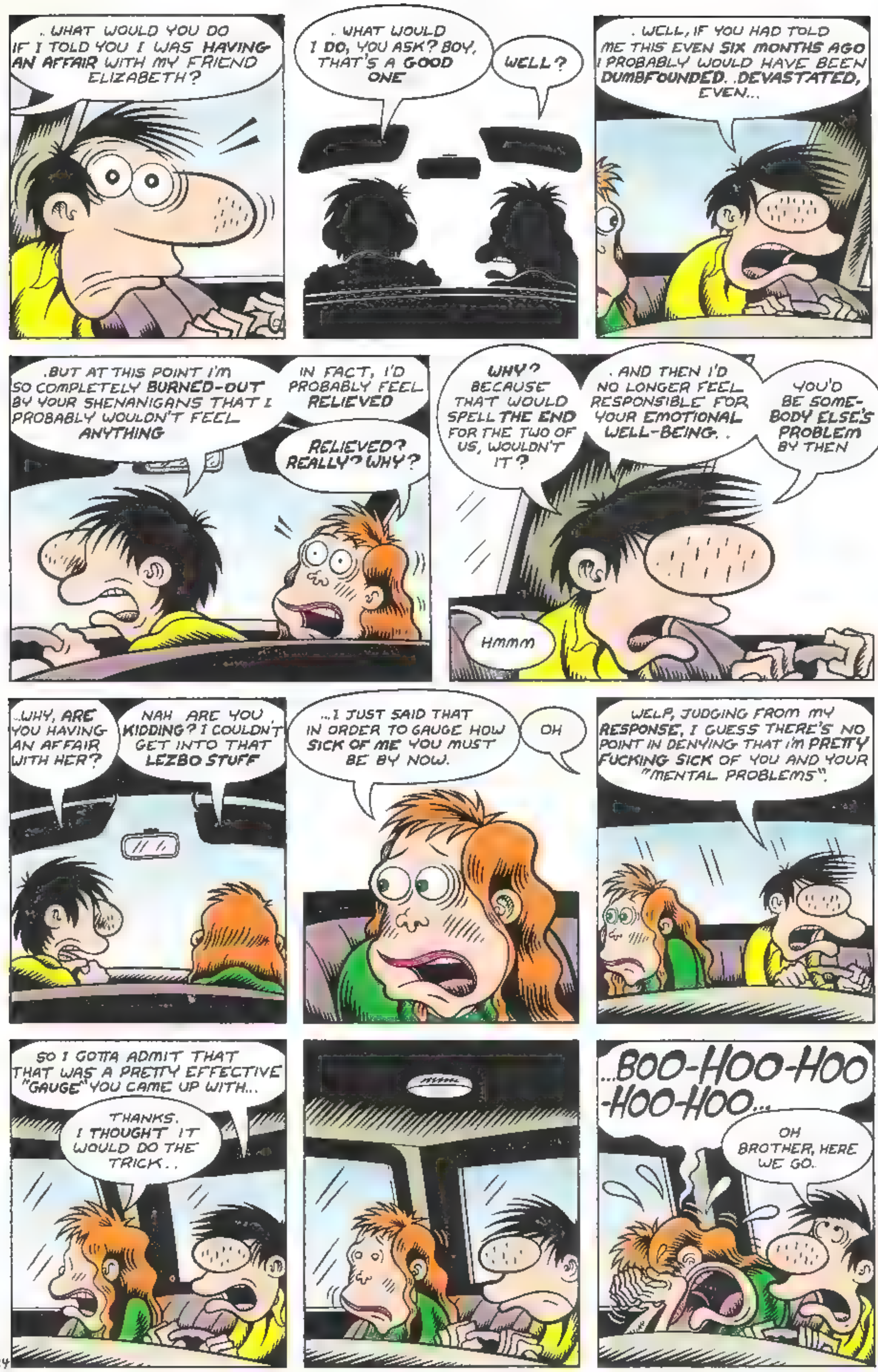

..BUT BY THE TIME I GOT OUT OF COLLEGE I'D COMPLETELY GIVEN UP ON THIS WHOLE NOTION OF "HIPNESS," AND FINALLY ACCEPTED MYSELF AS THE HOPELESS NERD THAT I AM...
..PRETTY PATHETIC, HUH?
QUITE THE CONTRARY — IT'S ADMIRABLE!
OKAY! DINNER'S READY!
MMMM.. THAT SPAGHETTI SMELLS GOOD...
OFF WITH THE TV., YOUNG MAN! YOU KNOW THE RULES!
UM-HMM!
OKAY, OKAY..
CLICK!
MILK OR JUICE, AVERY?
CHEESE ON YOUR NOODLES OR NO?
MILK — NO, JUICE!
YES CHEESE!
SO, FLORA, WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO KOJAK OVAH HE'AH?
"KOJAK" —HA! "BARNEY MILLER" IS MORE LIKE IT..
HA!
HE'S YET TO HAVE ANYONE EVEN PULL A GUN ON HIM— KNOCK ON WOOD...
PASS THE BUTTER!
HEY, HOW DO WE ASK?
PLEASE!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE A GUEST DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN BACK-SLIDE ON OUR MANNERS..
YES, SIR..
HERE YA GO, AVERY
THANK YOU.
THIS KID'S A SAINT COMPARED TO MY SISTER'S BRATS!
.. BUT YEAH, MY JOB IS NOTHING LIKE WHAT YOU SEE ON T.V...
IN FACT, SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE IS JUST A BUNCH OF BABYSITTERS, WHOSE JOB IS TO MAKE SURE THE LOWER CLASSES BEHAVE THEMSELVES..
OH BOY, HERE WE GO...
ALL RIGHT, I DON'T MEAN ALL POOR PEOPLE PER SE, BUT IT'S AMAZING HOW MANY PEOPLE REACH ADULTHOOD WITHOUT EVER LEARNING HOW TO LIVE BY SOCIETY'S RULES, AND IT SEEMS LIKE WE SPEND 95% OF OUR TIME CHASING AFTER THEM AND CLEANING UP THEIR MESSES..
AND EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU PUT THE REAL INCORRIGIBLE ONES IN JAIL, JUST LIKE YOU GIVE A KID A "TIME OUT" WHEN HE MISBEHAVES.
YEESH.
OF COURSE, THESE ARE MURDERERS AND RAPISTS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, DEAR
I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE A STRETCH, BUT THE ANALOGY RINGS TRUER TO ME ALL THE TIME.
ESPECI-ALLY AS I WATCH MY OWN SON GROW UP.
I CAN SEE HOW YOUR JOB COULD MAKE YOU CYNICAL TOWARDS ALL HUMANITY
IF I WERE YOU I'D BE FILLED WITH CONTEMPT..

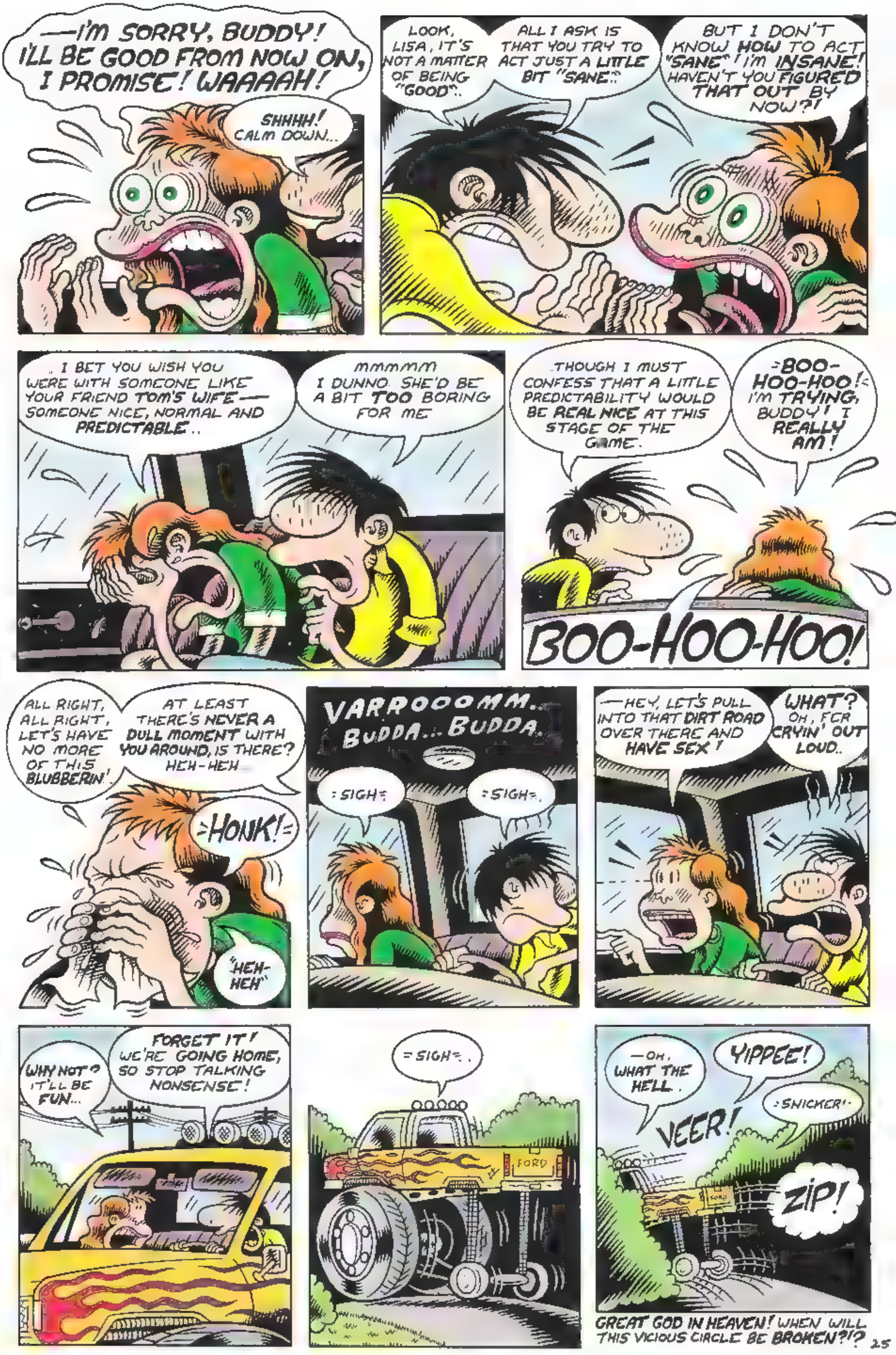

ONE WEEK LATER
...NOW, PART OF THE PURPOSE OF A JOINT SESSION IS SO THAT I CAN WITNESS FIRST HAND HOW THE TWO OF YOU INTERACT, AND THEN BETTER UNDERSTAND THE DYNAMICS OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP.
=GRUNT=
SO, TO GET THE BALL ROLLING, I THOUGHT I'D RAISE SOME OF THE CONCERNS LISA'S BROUGHT UP IN OUR PRIOR SESSIONS, SO WE CAN GET BUDDY'S TAKE ON THEM...
...IS THAT OKAY WITH THE TWO OF YOU?
UH-HUH.
FIRE AWAY
VERY WELL THEN.
BASICALLY, BUDDY, LISA DESCRIBES YOU AS EMOTIONALLY DETACHED, AND THAT YOU HAVE NO REAL UNDERSTANDING OF HER FEELINGS OR NEEDS.
THAT SOUNDS PRETTY ACCURATE TO ME...
?!? SO YOU AGREE WITH THIS ASSESSMENT?
SURE. WHY NOT?
AND ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT THIS IS AN ACCEPTABLE WAY TO BE?
I'M NOT SUGGESTING ANYTHING
ALTHOUGH IT MUST BE ACCEPTABLE TO LISA, SINCE I WAS THE SAME WAY WHEN SHE MET ME, YET THAT DIDN'T STOP HER FROM MOVING IN WITH ME, AND THEN FOLLOWING ME BACK TO MY PARENTS' HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY, WHERE SHE KNEW ABSOLUTELY NO ONE..
BUT SHE CLAIMS THIS WAS ALL YOUR IDEA, AND THAT SHE WENT ALONG WITH IT PRIMARILY OUT OF FEAR AND INSECURITY
YEAH, RIGHT


..IT WAS QUITE THE OPPOSITE. I'M SORRY TO SAY...
GUESS I WAS TOO "EMOTIONALLY DETACHED" TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE STUPIDITY OF THE WHOLE SITUATION...
YES, WELL, WE'RE NOT HERE TO ARGUE OVER EVENTS OF THE PAST..
...WHAT WE SHOULD BE MORE CONCERNED WITH IS THE HERE AND NOW, AND RIGHT NOW LISA STRIKES ME AS A YOUNG WOMAN WHO'S EVOLVING AND GROWING AS A PERSON.
AND LIKE A BUTTERFLY IN ITS COCOON SHE NEEDS TO BREAK FREE IN ORDER TO SURVIVE AND THRIVE..
OH BROTHER..
..ONLY HER CURRENT LIVING SITUATION IS PREVENTING HER FROM DOING SO...
...WOULD YOU AGREE WITH THAT ASSESSMENT, BUDDY?
WHAT, THAT LISA'S LIKE A BUTTERFLY? NO, I DON'T AGREE WITH THAT AT ALL..
YOU DON'T WELL THEN, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE HER?
TEE-HEE!
WELL, TO ME SHE SEEMS MORE LIKE A MOLE.. A MOLE THAT'S TRYING TO DIG ITSELF DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE EARTH...
HMMMM. INTERESTING..
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF BUDDY'S ANALOGY, LISA?
—HMM? WHAT? I DON'T—
ABOUT YOUR BEING LIKE A MOLE... WOULD YOU SAY THAT'S ACCURATE?
OH, GEE, I DUNNO I THOUGHT IT WAS PRETTY FUNNY, THOUGH..
—W-WHAT? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
SIGH LISA, I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE NOT AT HOME RIGHT NOW..
THIS IS A NEUTRAL ENVIRONMENT, AND AS SUCH YOU SHOULD FEEL AS FREE TO EXPRESS YOURSELF AS YOU DO IN OUR PRIVATE SESSIONS
HEY! WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
—I BEG YOUR PARDON? I WAS ONLY—
"DON'T WORRY, LISA, HE WON'T SLUG YA AS LONG AS I'M AROUND"..
THAT'S WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE TO ME!

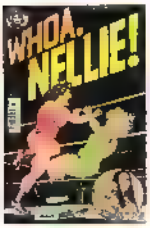

OH PUH-LEASE! IF YOU COULD JUST REFRAIN FROM JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, I—
OH, SO NOW I'M "JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS," AM I?
I THOUGHT THE WHOLE IDEA WAS FOR US TO "EXPRESS OURSELVES FREELY"
BUT APPARENTLY THERE'S A "RIGHT" AND "WRONG" ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING WITH YOU—
MAY I INTERJECT HERE FOR A MOMENT?
. THE REASON I'M TRYING TO DRAW LISA OUT IS BECAUSE HER COMMENTS— IN FACT HER ENTIRE DEMEANOR— ARE DRASTICALLY DIFFERENT TODAY THAN FROM OUR PREVIOUS VISITS.
THAT'S BECAUSE SHE WAS ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT YOU WANTED TO HEAR, AND SHE KNOWS I'LL CALL HER ON IT ONCE SHE TRIED TO FEED YOU HER BULLSHIT!
..AND YOU'RE SO CAUGHT UP IN YOUR OWN AGENDA THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE WHEN YOU'RE BEING HAD!
I BEG YOUR PARDON!
I HAPPEN TO BE A HIGHLY RESPECTED PROFESSIONAL WITH A LONG, SUCCESSFUL TRACK RECORD!
AND I INVITE YOU TO CONTACT ANY OF MY REFERENCES IF YOU DOUBT MY VERACITY!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
.. AND TALK ABOUT AGENDAS! IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO TOO MUCH RIGHT-WING RADIO!
ARRRGH...
=AHEM=... NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN AT LEAST ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE WITH WHAT TIME WE HAVE LEFT WITH THIS VISIT...
...AND LISA, I'D STILL LIKE TO GET SOME FEEDBACK FROM YOU REGARDING BUDDY'S EARLIER COMMENTS.
YES, LISA, PLEASE SPEAK FREELY..
..I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOUR THERAPIST DOESN'T SLUG YA IF YOU GIVE THE WRONG ANSWER..
TEE-HEE! GIGGLE!

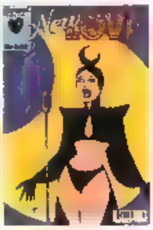

AND SO
PROFESSIONAL BUILDING
WELL, THAT WAS FUN, WASN'T IT?
NO COMMENT
BIG FUN
MOTHER'S WORRY
VAROOOMM...
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA...
..I GOTTA ADMIT, THOUGH, THAT THAT THERAPIST OF MINE SURE IS AN ASSHOLE
—WHAT?!?
FORD
B-BUT, I THOUGHT YOU WORSHIPPED THE GROUND SHE WALKED ON!
AAH, I GUESS I JUST LIKED THE WAY SHE INDULGED ME AND MADE UP EXCUSES FOR MY BEHAVIOR..
..BUT YOU SURE HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD WHEN YOU ACCUSED HER OF HAVING AN AGENDA...
YA THINK SO? =WHEW!= THANKS...
I WAS WORRIED THAT I MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT OUT OF LINE WITH THAT REMARK..
OF COURSE, YOU HAVE AN "AGENDA," TOO.
EVERY-BODY'S GOT AN AGENDA, EXCEPT FOR ME.
WHICH I GUESS IS WHY I'M SO FUCKED UP
I, UHH.. HMMM
..BUDDY?
YES?


..WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I TOLD YOU I WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH MY FRIEND ELIZABETH?
..WHAT WOULD I DO, YOU ASK? BOY, THAT'S A GOOD ONE
WELL?
..WELL, IF YOU HAD TOLD ME THIS EVEN SIX MONTHS AGO I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN DUMBFOUNDED..DEVASTATED, EVEN...
..BUT AT THIS POINT I'M SO COMPLETELY BURNED-OUT BY YOUR SHENANIGANS THAT I PROBABLY WOULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING
IN FACT, I'D PROBABLY FEEL RELIEVED
RELIEVED? REALLY? WHY?
WHY? BECAUSE THAT WOULD SPELL THE END FOR THE TWO OF US, WOULDN'T IT?
..AND THEN I'D NO LONGER FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR EMOTIONAL WELL-BEING..
YOU'D BE SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM BY THEN
HMMM
..WHY, ARE YOU HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH HER?
NAH. ARE YOU KIDDING? I COULDN'T GET INTO THAT LEZBO STUFF
...I JUST SAID THAT IN ORDER TO GAUGE HOW SICK OF ME YOU MUST BE BY NOW.
OH
WELP, JUDGING FROM MY RESPONSE, I GUESS THERE'S NO POINT IN DENYING THAT I'M PRETTY FUCKING SICK OF YOU AND YOUR "MENTAL PROBLEMS".
SO I GOTTA ADMIT THAT THAT WAS A PRETTY EFFECTIVE "GAUGE" YOU CAME UP WITH...
THANKS. I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO THE TRICK..
..BOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO...
OH BROTHER, HERE WE GO.


—I'M SORRY, BUDDY! I'LL BE GOOD FROM NOW ON, I PROMISE! WAAAAH!
SHHHH! CALM DOWN...
LOOK, LISA, IT'S NOT A MATTER OF BEING "GOOD"...
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU TRY TO ACT JUST A LITTLE BIT "SANE."
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT "SANE"! I'M INSANE! HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED THAT OUT BY NOW?!
...I BET YOU WISH YOU WERE WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOUR FRIEND TOM'S WIFE— SOMEONE NICE, NORMAL AND PREDICTABLE...
MMMMM I DUNNO. SHE'D BE A BIT TOO BORING FOR ME.
...THOUGH I MUST CONFESS THAT A LITTLE PREDICTABILITY WOULD BE REAL NICE AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME.
=BOO-HOO-HOO!= I'M TRYING, BUDDY! I REALLY AM!
BOO-HOO-HOO!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, LET'S HAVE NO MORE OF THIS BLUBBERIN'!
AT LEAST THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH YOU AROUND, IS THERE? HEH-HEH...
=HONK!=
"HEH-HEH"
VARROOOOMM... BUDDA... BUDDA...
=SIGH=
=SIGH=
—HEY, LET'S PULL INTO THAT DIRT ROAD OVER THERE AND HAVE SEX!
WHAT? OH, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
WHY NOT? IT'LL BE FUN...
FORGET IT! WE'RE GOING HOME, SO STOP TALKING NONSENSE!
=SIGH=...
FORD
—OH, WHAT THE HELL...
YIPPEE!
=SNICKER=
VEER!
ZIP!
GREAT GOD IN HEAVEN! WHEN WILL THIS VICIOUS CIRCLE BE BROKEN?!?

'Tis a joyous day here at HATE H.Q., when we can delight and revel in not one, not two, but *three* new titles by those fabulous Hernandez Brothers of **Love and Rockets** fame. Now that **L&R** has ceased to exist, both Jaime and Gilbert have made the most of this golden opportunity to map out new territory on their own. Jaime with a 3-part mini series called **Whoa, Nellie!**, ($2.95, Fantagraphics), and Gilbert with **New Love** (also $2.95, also from Fannygraphics) and **Girl Crazy** ($2.95 from Dark Horse). For those of you who haven't kept up with **L&R** lately, or have yet to sample The Bros.' work, now is the perfect time to get in the swing of things, since these three new titles are the liveliest, wildest and most accessible work they've done in a long time — in fact, maybe *ever!* Plus seeing their work in a new context like this also serves as a reminder of what *unbelievably talented geniuses* these guys are. (Though I must warn you that Gilbert is employing a letterer — as well as collaborating with other cover artists — in **Girl Crazy**, and both new Fantagraphics titles feature record ads in them, so don't forget to write whiney, self-righteous letters to them proclaiming that *"You sold out man!"*)... Other big news from Fanboygraphics way is the grand return of **Trailer Trash**! Fans of Roy Tompkins' tales of good-for-nothing lowlife wastrels will be pleased to know that this brand new issue, #7, picks up right where the old Tundra series left off. I myself had forgotten just how convoluted, pathological and downright *painful* Roy's stories can be. They're actually *deep!* But don't let that put you off, 'cuz they're funny as heck, t' boot. ($2.95 Fant. Books, natch!)





Meanwhile, a title that we'll probably be filing under "self-published" for the last time is Jessica Abel's **Artbabe**. Her latest issue, #7, is by far the *fanciest* one yet, production-wise. And as for the content, it looks to me like this perennially "most promising" young artist has finally come into her own. (The story entitled "Jack London" is particularly well done). Being a self-pub, I imagine that supplies are limited, so do not dawdle in placing your order! ($2.95 to: Box 642773, Chi, IL, 60664-2773)... **Jerk** is a self-published, digest-sized mini that does a pretty good job of living up to its name. Its author, Jeff Meyer, is one of those self-obsessed "bad seed" types who tends to dwell on the negative — the three issues I received in the mail came with a questionnaire asking questions like: "Should I kill myself?" — and there's actually *more than one* strip about how much he loves "The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion." Of course, stuff like this never fails to appeal to the car-crash gawker in me, and the D. Clowes/C. Brown-inspired art is well executed, so how could I *not* recommend it? ($2.00 to: Box 12671, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 46864-2671)... The same goes for **The Assassin and the Whiner** ($1.00 to Box 481051, L.A., CA, 90048), another digest sized mini in which co-creator Carrie McNinch wallows in her alcohol-drenched misery in page after page, issue after issue. Good stuff! (Should I feel guilty for "enjoying" comics like this? If so, then for what purpose are they created and then sent to people like me?!? In the introduction to **Assassin** #3, occasional contributor Sarah Folkman described their readers as "emotional vampires." Guess that's me in a nutshel.!)

I recently met a fellow named Noel Tolentino, who reminded me that he had once interviewed me for a zine he used to do called **Waffle**. This barely registered with me, since as it turned out I had never recieved a copy of it, so Noël's zine-partner Seth Robson rectified the problem by sending me a copy of that now thankfully sold out issue — and I say "thankfully" because in that interview I come across as the truly obnoxious, overly-opinionated creep that I guess I really am. Oy! Anyhow, since then Waffle has evolved into **Bunnyhop**, a big, super-slick, super well-produced SF-based magazine with articles on and interviews with the usual — and some unusual — "hipster" types. The highlight of the latest ish, #6, in my obnoxious, overly-opinionated opinion, is poet, unobjectified Asian male Noel's article on interracial dating, and his own guilt-ridden attraction to skinny white chicks. ($5.00 to: Box 423930, S.F., CA, 94142)... Another slickly-produced, self published Bay-Area zine that just hit the stands is Sunny Anderson's **Girlyhead**, which, in case you didn't already know, is Sunny's girly-girl answer to Mike Lavella's decidedly boyish **Gearhead** Magazine. Brigitte Bardot, Guitar Wolf, a Trashwomen tour diary, pug dogs... what more could you possibly need or ask for?!? ($3.50, Box 423657, S.F., CA, 94142)... Oh well, that's all for now since space is tight this time around (though I may be able to rectify this problem by expanding the page count of HATE by an additional *16 whopping pages*, starting with issue #26. We shall see, we shall see)...

And now for a *special* letters section, exclusively devoted to our international friends.

Peter,

Did you know that "bagge" means "ram" (as in a male sheep) in Swedish? *(Yes, I did know that, due to my recent visit to Sweden. —PB).* You're not of Swedish descent, are you? *(Not that I know of. —PB)* I had an extra laugh while reading the back-up Stinky story in HATE #22: in Linköping, Sweden, where I grew up, there was a punk band called Rövsvett, which means "Butt Sweat." (And they sucked just as bad as the one in the comic).

Keep up the good work, and don't listen to all those *rövhål* (take a guess) that keep criticizing you.

Björn Raunio,
Montreal, Que.

I didn't know you were part Danish — but you don't *speak* Danish, do you, you *spasserrøv?!?* ... Actually, there's a famous sportswriter over here named Peter Bagge — a relative of yours, perhaps? *(No, but I've heard of that big spasserrøv. —PB)*

Jakob Boskov,
N. Copenhagen, Denmark

On the back of a collection of Japanese underground comics ("Sake Jock") there is a quote from you — something to the effect that even in Japan there are some people who find an outlet for their insanity in the form of comics. True, "Sake Jock" is the same badly drawn obscenity you get from American underground anthologies, but you included yourself among those u.g. creators, and you don't belong there anymore.

HATE is a continuing story about people (rather than superheroes). It takes place in a world where death, food, sex and religion coexist, and you even hired an assistant *(?—PB)*. Just about the only thing that sets you apart from the Japanese mainstream is the layout, which is the usual brick wall. This is why so many people over here who want American u.g. comics gave up on you around issue #20, while I have remained faithful — because I actually LIKE Manga! *(?!?—PB)*

Still waiting for Buddy and Lisa to find that magic whistle.

Anders Moe
Fantoft, Norway

(I can't say that I agree with your comments, Anders — let alone understand them — but since it sounds like you're trying to be complimentary, I'll refrain from picking on your spasserrøv-ish opinions. —PB)

Peter,

Thank you for letting me reprint your work in the KRC Newsletter (a health education/"harm minimalisation" magazine)...you can now proudly boast on the next cover of HATE that you've been approved by "The Australian Commonwealth Department of Health and Family Services (Illicit Drugs, Treaties and Monitoring Section)," as well as the "Prostitutes Collective of Victoria." Both ends of the spectrum, eh! (No, I am not making this up.)

I've seen plenty of "Jays" who come into our health center having a good yak over your mag, while many a tragic client of the service has had staff turning to each other and saying, à la Buddy: "What's causing *this*, do you suppose — the *flu*?"

Thanks again,
Tim Baxter,
Kings Cross, Australia

...So here I sit, re-reading HATE's old and new and totally goofing off on it. #22 was a goodie — seems like Buddy and Lisa needed that kick in the ass. I love the way they try to "break up"! It was also great to see Stinky 'n' Val (and imagining them together in Stinky's "love pantry"!). re: HATE #23. One thing scares me — Lisa won't get, uh . . . "with child," will she? *Say it ain't so!* That would be the fatal blow to Buddy's once-hardline nihilism. (If they had a girl, would they name it "Lisa-Marie"?)

Jimmy,
Wellington, New Zealand

Last week I picked up HATE #23 and very much enjoyed Buddy and Lisa's misconduct. It's good to see them back in action again. (Buddy was starting to turn too much into a sensible young man compared to earlier issues, especially with his "uncle" routine)...I thought we'd be seeing more of Butch or Jimmy Foley, but I guess that was short-lived, huh? *(Don't worry, you'll be seeing TOO MUCH of those guys soon enough. —PB)* And when are Buddy and Jay going to get hassled by the I.R.S.? I was expecting disaster, but it looks like their store is doing okay, in spite of everything...

What converted Babs from a "bible-thumping zombie" (as shown in HATE #4) back to what she is now? *(Boredom and laziness, I guess. —PB)* Mom doesn't seem particularly religious, either. *(That's because she isn't. —PB)*

Marcel Ruyters,
Sittard, Holland

P.S. Please get rid of "Doofus," because it is shit.

Hmmm... It seems like the latest "controversy" to be raging amongst the readers of this magazine is the inclusion of Rick Altergott's much-beloved (and much-beheated, apparently) "Doofus" strip. And while I firmly believe that everyone is entitled to their opinion — including you foreigners, who seem to be particularly befuddled by Rick's work — I can't help but notice that most of the nay-sayers tend to be members of the hyper-critical you-can't-do-anything-right-Bagge camp, such as this one wiseguy from Oklahoma who pulled the old trick of using my mailing address as his return address in order to avoid paying postage — thereby committing mail fraud while saving himself a whopping 32 cents. And included in his list of petty complaints was the following:

"No More Lame Doofus!"

Yes sir! Whatever you say!

But thankfully, the inhabitants of Flowertown, U.S.A. at least have a few admirers, such as the following letter writer:

Peter,

I'm glad to see you're including Altergott's work in HATE. He's tops in my book.

R. Crumb,
Sauve, France

And this letter arrived with NO POSTAGE DUE all the way from FRANCE! Imagine that! —PB

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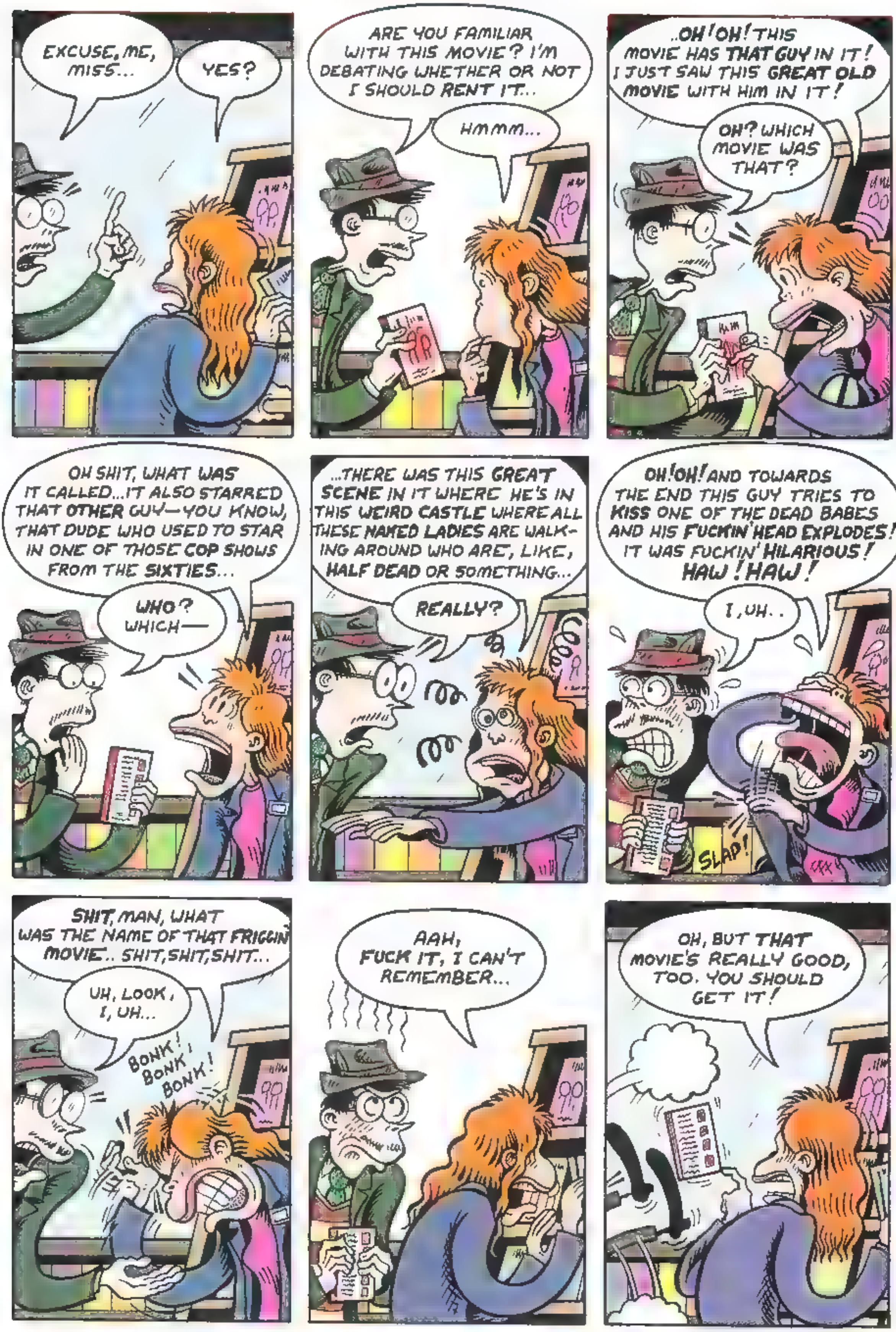

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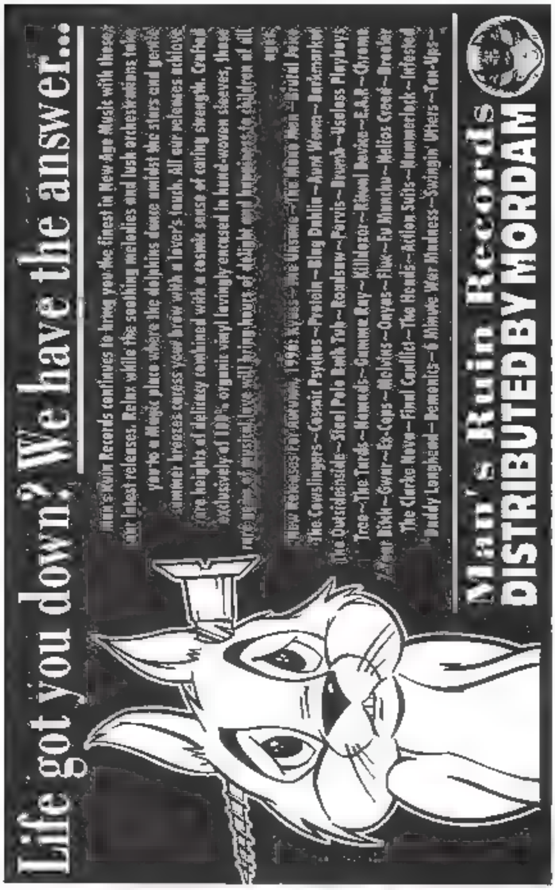
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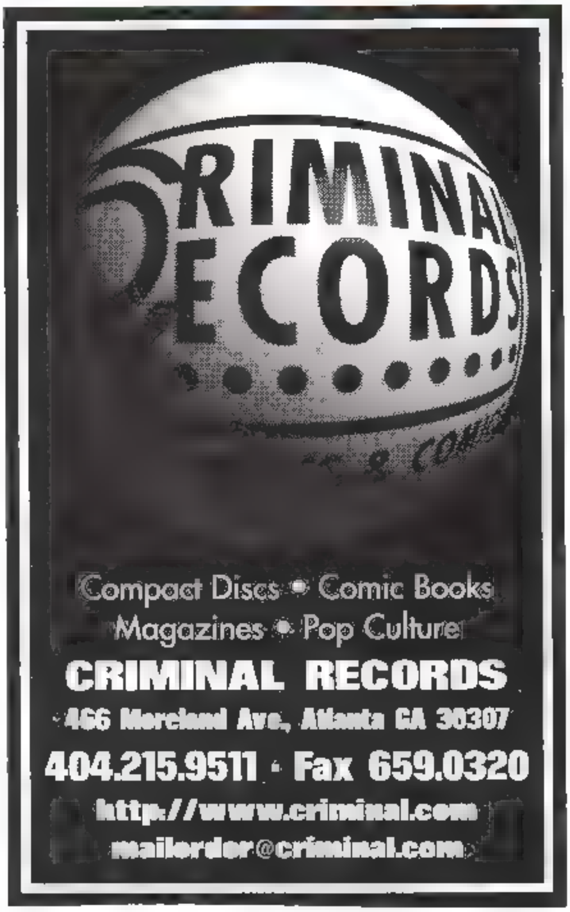
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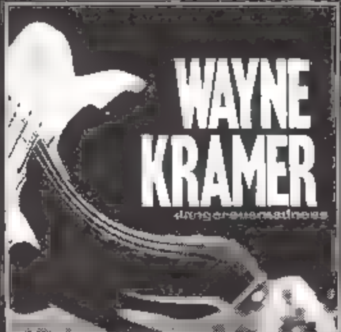

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